

The Saturday Review

No. 3305. Vol. 127.

1 March, 1919.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

6d.

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 193

LEADING ARTICLES:—

Japan and the Colour Bar ...	196
Clemenceau ...	197
The Private Secretary (New Style) ...	198
'Pasteur' at the Vaudeville, Paris ...	199
Anders Zorn, Painter-Etcher ...	200

VERSE:—

The Striker's Wife ...	201
------------------------	-----

CORRESPONDENCE:—

Industrial Unrest ...	201
The Road to Ruin ...	201
Taxation of Land ...	202
The Fate of the Russian Imperial Family ...	202
"The Tragedy of Quebec" ...	202
Pelmanism ...	203
The Housing Question ...	204
Dirty Milk ...	204

REVIEWS:—

A Cheery Bird ...	204
A Charming Sailor ...	205

Y.M.C.A. ...	205
The House of Guise ...	206
The Holy Places of Islam ...	207
Personal Journalism ...	207
The Cow-Boy Again ...	208
Fine Confused Thinking ...	208
A Comedy of Coincidence ...	208
Apple Sauce ...	208

MOTOR NOTES ... 210

FINANCE:—

The City ...	214
--------------	-----

EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

There is an unctuous and arrogant rectitude about President Wilson's oration at Boston which is displeasing. America was the only disinterested nation: Americans "were not like any other soldiers; they had a vision, they had a dream, and they were fighting in a dream, and fighting in a dream they turned the whole tide of battle, and it never came back." As a matter of cold fact, the Americans did very little fighting: what they did was done bravely, though no one else detected anything dreamy about their operations, except, perhaps, in their staff work. All this Pharisaical complacency is in the worst taste; but happily it does not represent the opinion of the majority of Americans. The *Sun* strikes the note of sanity when it says that, "the American people can never agree that they went into the war, or ever would have gone into it, except to save themselves and the Allies. It was nationalism, not internationalism, which crowned their valour with triumph." It dismisses Mr. Wilson's rhetoric as "a mawkish vision."

Where is the Paris Conference drifting? M. Clemenceau is ill; Mr. Wilson is in America, where we hope he will remain; Mr. George flits feverishly backwards and forwards. Is not the Prime Minister committing the same disastrous mistake that Lord Kitchener made, trying to do everything himself? It turned out to be beyond the power of one man to be Secretary of State for War and Chief of the Staff, as will be proved if ever we are allowed to see the Dardanelles Report. It is beyond the powers even of Mr. Lloyd George to govern Britain, which really wants governing at this minute, and to settle the peace of Europe. Let the Prime Minister devote all his time and attention to settling the Labour questions, for it is he who has promised our heroes "a country fit to live in." The treaties of peace with Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, might well be left to Mr. Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil, and the expert staff of our Foreign Office.

In the meantime to what do we stand committed, on paper; thank God! only a scrap of paper, as yet. By the draft covenant of the League of Nations, an

Executive Council of nine Powers is to settle the size of the British Navy (and the size of the French Army); to decide when we must stop trading with any particular nation; and to call upon the British Navy (and the French Army) to go to war when, where and how the said Executive Council chooses. Does anybody seriously suppose that the British and French nations will submit to this? And all this insincere rhetoric has been dictated to us by an American ideologue, whose "fourteen points" we swallowed without examination, on the very eve of a crushing military victory. President Wilson, we believe against the views of the majority of the American nation, has come between us and the fruits of war on the field and in the Conference chamber.

We call attention in our leading article to "the colour bar" which Japan has notified the world she intends to raise at the Paris Conference. The gravity of this question cannot be exaggerated. Before the war our Australasian Colonies and Canada passed regulations to prohibit the landing of coloured persons on their shores, the exclusion applying even to British subjects from India. This obstinacy on the part of the Labour Party to keep Australia white, has left undeveloped the northern tropical province of Queensland, though we believe a certain amount of "Kanaka" labour is allowed to be imported from the islands for the cultivation of sugar cane. In British Columbia the same difficulty has arisen, and in the American State of California, where there have been anti-Japanese riots. Japan is now one of the richest and the strongest Powers in the world. The Japanese Army proved its prowess in the Russian War in 1904, and the Japanese Navy has been of the greatest assistance to us in the present war.

Japan is as proud as she is strong, and will no longer submit to be treated as a pariah. Japan will certainly not join the League of Nations unless the colour-bar is removed. What would become of the League of Nations without Japan? This question is more important to the United States than to Britain, for Japan is within easy striking range of the Eastern coast of America, though, for that matter, Australia, New Zealand and Ceylon are very open to attack. The

Americans and the Colonial Governments must be quite alive to the danger, and we hope that they will be reasonable on the matter of admitting Japanese immigrants and travellers. A counter-League of Japan, Germany, and Russia, would reduce the League of Nations to an absurdity.

The Prime Minister and the House of Commons have behaved with dignity, coolness, and courage in the face of a very threatening situation. Never was situation more clearly defined. The simple question is whether Britain is to be governed by a Government just chosen by an overwhelming majority of the people, or by the Executive Committee of the Miners' Federation. Whatever may be the personal merits of Messrs. Smillie, Williams, Hartshorn, or Adamson, they have not been chosen by the people of Britain to rule over them; and, as Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Shortt pointed out, to accept the Miners' demands without inquiry would be to put the nation's neck under the feet of those men, absolutely and for all time. By a majority of 257 to 43 the House of Commons passed the Bill to create a Royal Commission, with Mr. Justice Sankey as President, to inquire into the question of hours, wages, and the nationalisation of coal mines.

It has now been promised that the Commission will conclude its inquiry and report upon the facts in connection with the hours and wages of colliers, and the profits of colliery proprietors, by the 20th of March. The question of the nationalisation of mines, i.e., their purchase and management by the State, is one of great complexity and very wide consequence, for it affects almost every industry in the country and the domestic life of everyone. The strike notices served by the Executive of the Miners' Federation expire on the 15th March. In these circumstances, the Miners' Executive and their representatives in the House of Commons say to the strongest Government of modern times, "you must take our figures, and grant our demands at once; we are not going to wait a fortnight for your inquiry by Commission; we must have what we ask here and now."

Any Government which yielded to a demand of that kind would proclaim anarchy. To deny that it is a threat of brute force is to say the thing which is not. It is not as if the colliers had suffered anything: they have suffered nothing during the war: it is not as if we were dealing with a sweated industry, claiming instant relief. Taking Mr. Adamson's figures, the colliers' wages have risen on the average 85 per cent. and the cost of living has risen 120 per cent. Be it so: all the rest of the community, whose remuneration has not risen 85 per cent. have also to meet this increased cost of living. It seems to be in dispute whether the average wage of a coal hewer is 65s. or 85s. per week: let us take a mean term and call it 70s. A man in receipt of £3 10s. for five days' work can certainly afford to wait a fortnight or a month, until the figures are tested.

There is another point which we have not seen made in any of the speeches or articles. The miners say that the cost of living has risen 120 per cent., and therefore their wages must be advanced 30 per cent. on the top of a previous rise of 85 per cent. In other words, they take the cost of living at an abnormal rate, which they know cannot be maintained, and claim to fix their permanent wage by that standard. The miners know perfectly well that the present cost of living cannot be maintained; indeed, they see it falling daily before their eyes; and that is precisely why they are in such a hurry to get their wages advanced. They are well aware that if they wait a fortnight or a month, the prices of commodities will have fallen: therefore they will not wait. Can anything more dishonest be imagined?

Mr. Smillie conducted his discussion of the miners' question with the Prime Minister very plausibly and skilfully. When these Labour anarchists are brought

face to face with power, physical power in the shape of the Government, mental power in the person of a man cleverer than themselves, they coo like doves; butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. But let us not be taken in by this "soft sawder." Messrs. Smillie and Williams are dangerous and unscrupulous men, out for revolution, by votes if possible, if not by force. Mr. Smillie declared over and over again that nothing was further from his thoughts than the use of physical force; he denied that he was "threatening" the nation with his ballot. Of course not; he is like the man who threw his sword on the table in an argument with "Lie there, good sword. God grant I may not need thee!"

In dealing with this question of the miners', indeed, with all these labour demands, we cannot do better than take as our motto the words of Washington, which Mr. Davis, the American Ambassador, quoted the other day, "If to please the people we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God." That is a splendid quotation. Washington used the words in settling the American Constitution in the Convention; and they are words which should be written in golden letters over the door of the Cabinet Council in Downing Street. Who amongst our Statesmen will now "raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair?" Should such a one arise, millions would flock to his flag.

We think nothing of the enormous ballot figures from the colliers in favour of a strike, because, as everybody knows, they don't represent the real opinions of the men. Indeed, if we are to enjoy, not industrial peace, but the safety and order of a civilised State, the Government must take some steps to make the ballot really secret. The ballots are given under the eyes of the anarchist leaders: if the votes were, like parliamentary votes, deposited in sealed boxes and carried off to be counted, not separately by unions, but *en masse* by independent officials, we should get very different results. Then the system of "card votes" at conferences, which are perfectly misleading, should be abolished.

Mr. Beeby, Minister for Labour in New South Wales, tells us that the four years' war has revealed to the working-men, as by a flash, their indispensability, and with the ideas of their class they are determined to make their fellow countrymen pay through the nose. Mr. Beeby also puts his finger on an explanation of strikes, which we have mentioned in THE SATURDAY REVIEW. In his rough and ready way the worker argues that if billions can be raised for war, then millions can be raised for his reconstruction. He does not know, or will not believe, that half the accumulated capital of the country has been spent on the war, and that if the other half goes in reconstructing wages and hours, and building houses, there will be nothing left to finance industry. As Mr. W. L. Hichens says, "the theory that the only effective criterion of justice is what a man is strong enough to take and to hold, strikes at the very roots of civilised society."

Mr. Churchill described Washington as "an English gentleman fighting against a German king." That was a foolish and vulgar gibe, which Mr. Churchill might leave to politicians of the baser kind, and which could not have pleased a man of so fine a taste as Mr. Davis. George III. wrote into the proclamation announcing his accession with his own hand the words, "Born and educated in this country I glory in the name of Briton," though according to some authorities he wrote 'Britain.' He was in every way more British than the British, for he was a practical farmer of some capacity, rode to hounds, ate boiled mutton, and never missed going to church. He stuck to the American War with true bull-dog tenacity, and had it not been for the indolence of North, the arrogant negligence of Sackville, and the incompetence of Gage and other generals, King George would have beaten Washington.

More than once we have adverted in this REVIEW to the unsatisfactory system of reporting debates in Parliament. At present it is left to the taste or politics of the individual reporter, or his editor, or his proprietor, to report or suppress just what he likes. The House of Lords is persistently under-reported, and peers of Conservative politics are marked for suppression. The other day Lord Crawford gave a most poignant description of Bolshevism in Russia; every sentence was the stroke of a master pencil; and it was omitted from the reports. An arrangement should be made by which a subsidy should be given to some newspaper for a proper report.

Prate the doctors never so wisely about germs and bacilli, we are convinced that this scourge of influenza is due to three main causes, overcrowding, badly cooked and insufficient food, and dirty clothes. The authorities must take steps to relieve the overcrowding in London, where men have sometimes to sleep two in a room in hotels. The Colonials and Americans are, we believe, being shipped off as quickly as possible, but harsh as it may seem, London leave should be stopped for officers and privates. "The splendid women" have had their meed of praise and pay, let them resume their natural functions of cooks and laundresses.

The news from the Continent continues to be deplorable: everywhere chaos, riots, and assassinations. Are there, for instance, any Governments in Hungary, in Roumania, in Bulgaria, in Poland? The murder in Munich of the Premier, Kurt Eisner, and apparently the killing, or at least wounding, of several other deputies in the Chamber itself, are shocking. A Soviet Republic has been proclaimed in Bavaria, which Herr Scheidemann's Government at Weimar refuses to recognise. Even Paderewski cannot charm away hunger from Warsaw, and we fear that what we predicted a couple of months ago is coming true, that millions of people in Eastern Europe are doomed to die of starvation.

In the meantime the doctrines of Bolshevism are being merrily preached in this country in the large military camps and in all the big towns. If any one doubts this, let him glance at the programme of the Labour Party at the coming County Council elections in London. We extract a few points, as given in *The Westminster Gazette*: "Let those with the biggest incomes bear the biggest taxes. Abolish local rates and substitute a graduated national income tax. *Conscript riches to provide loans free of interest to local authorities.* London pays about a 6½d. rate for L.C.C. interest alone. Ownership by the L.C.C. of all means of Metropolitan transit, lighting, power, and water supplies: the coal, bread, meat and milk supplies, in association with Co-ops. where suitable." The "Co-ops," we pause to observe, are the Co-operative Societies, which make enormous profits, but being owned and run by working-men pay no income tax. Then comes this: "Provision of first-class medical, dental, midwifery, and nursing treatment free to all."

Certainly it would require a very drastic conscription of wealth to provide all these luxuries free of cost to all. The difficulty is that though the first raid on the West End and the suburbs might yield our Rob Roys some plunder, it would soon be spent, and a second raid would be impossible. London would be a desert of empty houses and shops, about which the Webbs would prowl in a vain quest for the gratuitous bread, milk and coals. These wicked schemes of plunder may excite the smiles of optimists and what are called practical people. But in these times nothing is impossible. Besides, the alarming feature is the total destruction of the moral sense; the depravity, and blatant dishonesty of foreign anarchists have, we fear, spread from the Continent to this country. Bolshevism is catching.

It is happily seldom—we cannot recall a precedent—that the judges of the Appeal Court feel compelled to deliver a solemn censure upon the conduct of a judge of Assize. The Court of Criminal Appeal, composed of Justices Darling, Avory, Sherman, Lush, and Sankey, felt obliged to quash the conviction of a man whom they believed to be guilty of receiving stolen goods because of the misdirection, or rather, no direction to the jury by Mr. Commissioner Rentoul. Mr. Justice Darling said: "The summing-up was thoroughly bad on the face of it. There was misdirection where there was not total omission to give direction at all. After serious discussion with my brother Judges I wish to say that we are at a loss to find forensic expressions to convey our view how bad this summing-up was." We hope this will be a warning to future Governments to avoid judicial appointments for political services. Commissioner Rentoul was a fluent political speaker, and he represented Down in the interests of the Belfast Orangemen, who at the time of his appointment were all-powerful in the Tory Government.

Instead of relaxing her hold, now that the war is over, "Dora" has tightened her grip on the City in the most audacious manner. Dora's follies and blunders in financial matters were tolerated because we were at war. Now that there is no excuse of that kind, we trust that the financiers and the solicitors of the City will protest against Mr. Chamberlain's cool proposal to make it a penal offence to issue capital without the leave of his Fresh Issues Committee. The old regulations were bad enough: but the only penalty for disregarding them was a Stock Exchange boycott. The new regulations make it an offence under the Defence of the Realm Act punishable summarily with fine or imprisonment, to issue shares, or split them, or create debentures, without the license of the Treasury Committee. This is really intolerable tyranny. Like the Excess Profits Duty, the Defence of the Realm Act is passed under the stress of the war, and continued after the war. This is obtaining powers under false pretences.

All rational and decent people must feel grateful to Mr. Geoffrey Dawson for having maintained the traditional tone of *The Times* during six difficult years in opposition, we now learn, to the Dictator Northcliffe. In the letter announcing his resignation of the editorship Mr. Dawson tells Mr. Walter and the world that Lord Northcliffe was "dissatisfied with the policy of *The Times* on the ground that it differed from his own expressions of opinion in other newspapers." In other words, *The Times* (which has hitherto been regarded as a national institution) is to say what Lord Northcliffe says, at the same time, and in the same way as all his other papers say it. How under these conditions a man of Mr. Wickham Steed's reputation and attainments can accept the editorship is incomprehensible. Perhaps he thinks that as he knows everything and Lord Northcliffe nothing about the Eastern question, he may master his master. He will not do so, and we prophesy that Mr. Steed's reign will be short.

The new constituencies cannot complain of want of zeal in their members. We have all read that at the opening of Parliament one of the newly elected, who plays a good "forward" in any team which he joins, was at the doors by 6.30 a.m.; and Colonel Claude Lowther finds a queue there at 7.30 a.m., all anxious to find particular seats for themselves! The Speaker pointed out that only a member who had received the thanks of the House was entitled to a particular seat. We have never seen a member thanked, but we remember to have seen a member reprimanded in his place. Mr. J. W. Maclure, known as the Monarch of the Glen, was reprimanded by Speaker Peel for having, as a railway director, intimidated a witness before a Committee. Maclure stood up, hanging his enormous head like a penitent schoolboy, while the Speaker rated him in good set terms. We never heard that the Monarch claimed a right to that seat.

JAPAN AND THE COLOUR BAR.

OUR Eastern Ally (since 1902) would appear to have gained the summit of her ambition. She is one of the "Big Five"—the inner circle of Great Powers, sitting in the Quai d'Orsay, to reshape the destiny of the world. Her military might has already humbled the Russian colossus. Her great army, now two million strong, is a formidable machine; scientific and precise, inspired with the *bushido* spirit, whose emblem is the sword. "Scratch a Japanese," says Professor Inazo Nitobe, "and you will find the Samurai."

Japan can build superb dreadnoughts, like the mighty Fuso, Ise and Hiuga. Yet a living statesman—the veteran Okuma—can remember her bow-and-arrow stage, and America's "knock" (in 1854), at the mediæval door of the Shogunate! History records no such meteoric rise. Moreover, Okuma has seen his country's export trade grow from next to nothing to nearly £200,000,000 a year. Now Japan's delegation in Paris is an imposing one, headed by the Marquis Saionji—an old acquaintance of M. Clemenceau, and Baron Makino, a member of the Diplomatic Advisory Council in Tokio.

The Ambassadors in London and Paris (Chinda and Matsui) lend their aid; and in the Japanese retinue are also notables of the Navy and Army, as well as financial, economic and industrial experts. This great Power has given notice that it will raise the question of race discrimination, which has been an abiding grievance for many years, and a source of serious friction.

For Japanese immigrants are under heavy disabilities—if not altogether excluded—in Australia, British Columbia, and the Pacific Coast of America—California, Oregon and Washington. During Roosevelt's regime, the shadow of a Japanese-American war lowered through this matter. The Legislature in Sacramento passed penal laws against the Japanese; Trade Unions formed "Exclusive Leagues."

The "little men" were shut out from the public bathing-places of San Francisco; yellow children were segregated in Asiatic schools. At last murderous riots broke out, and these spread north, even across the Canadian border to Vancouver. Here Governor Dunsmuir was burned in effigy because, acting on orders from Ottawa, he vetoed a local anti-Japanese law.

Then a "White Australia" is the absolute ideal of the Commonwealth Government—even though the Northern Territories remain an empty empire of 523,620 square miles. All classes and political shades agree on this White Australia. It was sealed by the Immigration Act of 1901; and no statesman would dare to return home who "let down" an ideal which is partly economic (and Labour rules Australia), but is mainly due to a racial repugnance which no diplomacy, no threats or coaxing, or rational argument can eliminate.

President Roosevelt tried all these upon California, at a time when his own Yellow Press, as well as that of Tokio (the 'Yorozu Choho' is the 'Hearst' journal of Japan) were crying out for war, and publishing portraits of opposing naval and military leaders. California flouted the Federal Government, and threatened to secede from the Union if the Washington State Department persisted in infringing her rights as a Sovereign State. It was a Pacific Coast problem, California maintained, with fierce ardour. What could Easterners know of it, three thousand miles away? And she went ahead with yet more anti-Japanese laws, so that Roosevelt sent the Atlantic Fleet around Cape Horn to make a demonstration in the Western Ocean.

Finally the matter was shelved by the Root-Takahira Pact of 1907—the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement." By this, Japan turned her immigrants elsewhere, largely into Manchuria. But the sense of injury rankled. "We must expand," one read in sober papers, like the 'Asahi,' of Osaka, and the 'Hochi,' of Tokio. "Our birth-rate is 600,000 a year; we have 357 persons to the square mile in our poor little islands, while California has only 17. Haeckel was right when

he predicted trouble in a pegged-out world, where only the strongest and most resourceful will survive."

There is no denying the push and hustle of the Japanese in Western America, ever since the first four immigrants appeared in the Vaca Valley of California in 1887. Five years previously Congress had shut out the Chinese, and fruit-farmers of the Pacific Coast were at their wits' end for cheap labour.

Soon there were 25,000 of the little men—thrifty, hard-working, invading all spheres of industry, intent upon "doing it for less." Potatoes, celery, strawberries, citrus-fruits, laundries, restaurants and stores—all branches of labour felt the yellow invasion. Then came the anti-Japanese laws.

The problem also grew acute in British Columbia, where white workers were quietly displaced in the canneries and salmon-fisheries.

Mob-violence in Vancouver followed, and went on all night, with high Japanese officials in the thick of the fray. Fifty-six Asiatic shops, hotels and cook-houses, and offices were utterly wrecked or burned in one orgy. And Australia has resisted all "yellow" advances for her unoccupied lands—though she has spent over £9,000,000 in vain attempts to colonise the Northern Territories.

There is no question so perplexing for the plenipotentiaries of peace. Japan is a proud and sensitive Power, and here is the affront that wounds her deepest of all. Australia will not even have her Asiatic neighbour in New Guinea. She warned Sir Andrew Fisher about this; a White Australia likewise was impressed upon Mr. W. M. Hughes, and now it colours all his resistance to the Japanese claims.

"The landless men," Senator Playford, the Minister of Defence, told the Australian Parliament long ago, "will spill like water into the manless land." Hence all the awkward dams, which both we and the United States find so embarrassing at this time. Already the smouldering problem glows again in Tokio. "Had we remained a China or a Korea," says Viscount Haneko, a former Minister of Justice, and an LL.D. of Harvard, "the clamour of this race discrimination would never have grown so acute."

"As it is, we emerged from our foreign wars with new might and glory, imposing respectful consideration on the foremost powers of the world, and breaking—to the resentment of some—the tradition that the white peoples are essentially superior to the Asiatic." Viscount Ishii's mission to Washington last year was concerned with this implied affront. It is the more glaring in America, where even the African negro is welcomed, whilst the yellow man is debarred, or hindered in his career.

But what can statesmen do where racial prejudices so strong rejects every argument of reason? We may take it for granted that Saionji and Makino will contend for equality in all lands. But we venture to doubt whether a matter so thorny is one for "open diplomacy." Japan's colour-bar in British Dominions and the United States will surely be discussed in camera, and a compromise offered to the peoples concerned. But will that compromise be accepted?

In the Japanese House of Peers, Count Okuma said on the 18th February, "For consummating the League nothing is more important than the removal of racial discrimination: but that some people are insufficiently advanced in civilisation may be seen from the necessity of actually existing extra-territoriality. Japan, however, is now among the Five Great Powers and is fully entitled to demand equality in every respect, including the removal of racial discrimination. Much will depend on Japan's delegates in Paris giving practical efficiency to this most important problem, not only for Japan, but for the practicability of the League." The extra-territoriality refers of course to the laws against Japanese immigrants, and the description of the Australians, Canadians, and Californians as "insufficiently advanced in civilisation," is a gibe which bodes ill for the harmony of the Conference. The further we get in this business of the League of Nations from words to realities, the greater

the difficulties. Is Central Europe to be of the League? Is Japan? A League without Germany and without Japan will be nothing more than the present alliance under a more pompous name. Unless the British Colonies and the United States will renounce the colour-bar, Japan will not join the League of Nations, but she might join a League of China, Japan, Russia, and Germany, versus the Western Powers.

CLEMENCEAU.

THE war has fixed such a deep gulf in our minds between its course and the antecedent events that it is difficult to recall how M. Clemenceau stood in the public eye at the fateful moment when hostilities were declared. That reconstruction of thought is worth making, however, and there can be no better guide than a biographical sketch by one who has known the French Premier for long years, but who is too remote from him in ideas to be his humble eulogist.* Many of Mr. Hyndman's pages, indeed, resolve themselves into disquisitions on the text: "Almost I persuaded thee to be a Socialist." They can be readily ruled out of the inquiry, while the English public will be far from sharing M. Clemenceau's fine indifference to the inquiry in itself. "Whether I was right or wrong at this time or that interests me no longer," he writes to Mr. Hyndman, "since it all belongs to the past."

M. Clemenceau's beginnings were those of most politicians of the Left under the Second Empire. Coming up to Paris as a medical student from La Vendée, where his family had been doctors and small landowners, he matriculated as a Republican by a spell of two months' imprisonment. That was in 1862. According to an early friend, M. Maurice Le Blond, he next "acquired refinement" in the quaint occupation of professor of French at a ladies' college near New York. Incidentally he acquired an American wife, from whom, as books of reference inform us, he eventually separated. One cannot fancy the Tiger as a pattern of domesticity. Returning to France, he plunged into municipal affairs and became Mayor of Montmartre, the revolutionary centre. When the Germans were encircling Paris, Montmartre sent him to Bordeaux as its deputy, and there he voted with Gambetta for the continuance of the war. During the Commune he fell out of popular favour because he held aloof from the Bolshevik extravagances of Blanqui and Félix Pyat; after its fall, he narrowly escaped serious consequences because he was accused, though falsely, of not having done enough to save the lives of Generals Lecomte and Thomas, who had been butchered by the insurgents.

Active as a municipal politician through the first years of the Republic, M. Clemenceau did not enter the Chamber before 1876. By that time the chances of a monarchist restoration of one sort or another were dwindling fast and a Republic was perceived to be the form of government that "divided France the least." But it was a rickety affair, and M. Clemenceau, becoming by sheer ability the leader of the Radicals, by no means contributed to its firm establishment. In the course of fifteen years he upset no fewer than eighteen administrations and made Presidents his puppets. Such a cyclonic career would be impossible in this country, but under the fortuitous group system, or want of system, everything was possible to an impassioned orator and accomplished lobbyist who was always ready to back his opinions with his sword. We doubt, however, if Mr. Hyndman is correct in saying that Paul de Cassagnac "shrank from meeting his quietus from M. Clemenceau." After he had killed his man, de Cassagnac promised his wife that he would never fight a duel again, and that promise he kept under great provocations. A journalist of the baser sort spat into his glass. With a fine gesture of contempt de Cassagnac poured its contents on to the café floor.

In overthrowing Ministry after Ministry, M. Clemenceau was partly right and partly wrong. He

was right in opposing Jules Ferry's policy of colonial adventure. Bismarck had lured France to Tunis during the Berlin Congress; and though the colony has proved a success, it was clear that every plunge into the cane brakes of Tonquin, Madagascar and elsewhere meant a weakening of the country on its eastern frontier. M. Clemenceau never closed his eye to the German peril. But he should have been far more generous than he was to Gambetta and his so-called opportunism. Gaining wisdom as he went on, Gambetta perceived that the first necessity of the State was to bring Frenchmen of birth and station into public life. "The Republic," he declared, "wants salons." It did, and it still does so. Thence came some of his most criticised appointments, and his crying a halt to the anti-Clerical campaign. But M. Clemenceau was a root-and-branch Radical, out to crush the infamous thing. By sending one Cabinet flying after another, he prepared the way of General Boulanger, as saviour of society. That pinchbeck Napoleon happened, too, to be his cousin, and for some time M. Clemenceau saw in him only the capable Minister of War that he began by being, not the creature of the Duchesse d'Uzès and other dames of degree that he promptly became. When his eyes were opened, he broke with Boulanger, but it was Constans, the Minister of the Interior, not he, who scared the brave General out of France.

If the Republic survived Boulanger, Panama nearly ruined M. Clemenceau. Mr. Hyndman deals candidly with that episode, and it is an undeniable fact that the editor of *La Justice* had "touched" Baron Reinach and Cornelius Herz, the go-betweens of the bedevilled Company. *Pecunia non olet* was presumably his maxim. A point omitted, however, is that what told most against him was the report that he had been seen in Reinach's company shortly before that shady personage committed "suicide by apoplexy." Anyhow, he lost his seat for Draguignan, and sought refuge in journalism. Mr. Hyndman gives some specimens of his contributions to the *Aurore*, but only in bald translations. Our own recollections are that they were fine sledge-hammer stuff, but wanting the finish of Rochefort, even in his decline. But then Rochefort, as complete a gull as ever existed, was always wrong, M. Clemenceau was generally right. His opportunity came with the Dreyfus case, and he used it with supreme journalistic skill. Mr. Hyndman deals admiringly with that tragic extravaganza, but we can add a formidable third to his curious pair, G. A. Henty, the novelist, and Liebknecht (!), who came away from Rennes far from convinced that Dreyfus was an innocent martyr, namely, Lord Russell of Killowen. Mr. Hyndman should glance at the 'Life' by Mr. Barry O'Brien, where he will find a significant communication to Queen Victoria.

M. Clemenceau returned to public life in 1902 as a member of the Senate, a body whose creation he had vigorously opposed. He was no longer a *frondeur*, a modern Cardinal de Retz, for within four years he had taken office as Minister of the Interior under M. Sarrien. He promptly earned the undying hatred of the Socialist parties by smashing strikes and anarchism through the use of the military in the coal fields, in Paris and in the vine districts of the South. Law and order he continued to pursue when he formed his short-lived Ministry of October, 1906, with M.M. Briand and Viviani as colleagues captured from Socialism. The Cabinet fell because the Premier lost his temper in a debating duel with M. Delcassé. M. Clemenceau's past attacks on colonial expansion could undoubtedly be brought up against him, when matters like the bombardment and occupation of Casablanca came under discussion. What was not known was that, while attending Campbell-Bannerman's funeral, he had asked earnestly for an assurance as to how many hundred thousand men England could land within a fortnight in North-Eastern France, should Germany make a sudden attack.

Thus the outbreak of the war found M. Clemenceau old and *ancien ministre*, with many enemies and few friends. *L'Homme Libre* did not count for much; he had failed to carry the undistinguished M. Pams

* 'Clemenceau: the Man and his Time.' By H. M. Hyndman. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.

against M. Poincaré for the Presidency. But, as hostilities progressed, the country cried out for a man, for a man, who with all his faults, all his unscrupulousness, had always looked the Germans straight into the whites of their eyes and who meant *la victoire intégrale*. The country wished, too to have a Premier who had been known as a firm friend of England in days when that friendship was none too fashionable. And so, in the dark days of August, 1917, with defeatism in the air, M. Clemenceau formed his Ministry. He invited the Socialists to join him; they refused, and he overwhelmed them with scorn. The enemy within was crushed by the arrest of M. Caillaux. The Premier's speeches put new heart into France, and, though trips to the trenches were overdone, the sight of the old man under fire was an inspiration to the *poilu*. But is it necessary to continue? Mr. Hyndman does not quite reach the Peace Conference, but he quotes from the speech on taking office, "Do you imagine that the formula of a League of Nations will settle everything?" We will add an utterance, possibly apocryphal, which has come our way: "M. le President, Wilson's fourteen points; *le bon Dieu* himself could not think of more than ten!"

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

(NEW STYLE).

It is perhaps not fair to judge a public man by the size of his shadow. It will be contended with justice that it depends on the exact state of the sunshine of success, and it will be pointed out that, when the sky is clouded, the shadow may disappear altogether. For our part, we regard the true private secretary as the shadow cast by his chief, and we believe that, if the original be great enough, the shadow will persist equally in days of sunshine and shade. It is only the second-rate man—the man who won't grow up, or can't grow straight—who, like Peter Pan, loses his shadow altogether. And in his case no needle, however deftly handled, can sew it on again. It is simply nonsense to say that no man is a hero to his valet or to his Private Secretary. The truth rather is that no man is a hero who is not so acclaimed by those most intimate with his relaxed and human moments. When, therefore, the Private Secretary deserts his fallen chief, it is at least as grave a reflection on the original as the shadow.

"Kings who have fallen must face strange looks:
So bitter a thing is the heart of man."

But the true King never falls for those who know him and believe in him.

The Private Secretary, therefore, has a double interest. He has sometimes been himself a notable figure, and he is always the shrewdest living comment upon his master, and at times upon his age. Nor need we ransack history very deeply to provide illustrations of this contention. It will be sufficient to compare the Court-barber of superstitious Louis with John Milton, Oliver Cromwell's Private Secretary. We are not prepared to maintain that Louis had the soul of a barber. Indeed, we are not quite sure that we should recognise a barber's soul, if we met it without the shears. Nor do we maintain that Cromwell deserved to have Milton as his

"two-handed engine at the door."

Indeed, there are many of us who would rather have lost Paradise with Milton than have won the Commonwealth with Cromwell. But in this matter Fate is immutable. An age which sustained a Court that hung on the whisper of a hairdresser stamped itself and its presiding Monarch. An age that found a Milton to take service might even justify regicide. Bishop Juxon alone was with Charles to the end. We reflect on that last memorable scene in which the Martyr

"Nothing common did or mean

But bowed his comely head,
Down, as upon a bed."

And even while we turn to revile the Protector,

there steps between us and our anger the figure of the great Private Secretary. So in the end not the least justification of Cromwell is that, while Marvell wrote words dipped in roses and gold on the death of Charles, Milton waited twenty years to write 'Paradise Lost' in order to serve Cromwell.

These are great names and high memories. The truth they illustrate is in our view not less evident when we contemplate our own times. In one of his rather acid works, written upon an inadequate Parliamentary experience, Mr. Hilaire Belloc drew a picture of a pre-war Private Secretary. The outstanding fact in the young gentleman's picture was that everybody called him by his Christian name, and that his Christian name was generally graced by a diminutive. We believe that Mr. Belloc, in the days before his regeneration by diagram, regarded this young thing as the fine flower of the political corruption he was describing. But as his military figures always revenged themselves by being incredibly wrong, so his lispng Private Secretaries deceived him by proving incredibly right.

The fact is that in the days just before the war the British people were not really the sleepy degenerates pictured by war scribes. The British people may not have spent the whole day and night in the pursuit of efficiency, but, as we have ventured to observe before, there are higher things than efficiency. There is, for instance, civilisation. A well-constructed lathe is a tribute to efficiency. Some of us, however, are not sure that a well-constructed sonnet may not do more for the history of the world than all the machine-tools that ever came out of Lancashire.

Before the war there was room for a class not wholly pre-occupied with success, and of that class the good Private Secretary was a typical and satisfactory product. It is true that he would not have satisfied the stern criterion set up by the North Eastern Railway. Those who remember the extreme comfort of the journey round the loop line to Harrogate will realise how serious condemnation from that source is. None the less, when the hour struck, the pre-war Private Secretary, Christian name, lisp and all, was not found wanting. Sometimes he went off to find peace in Flanders, but more often he was compelled to remain to face tribulation at home. Happy he who was permitted to risk his life. The other ran the graver risk of his soul.

The virtues of his class and of the age of which his class was a mirror grew more and more suspect as the war drew on. His class had a sense of humour, which may be roughly translated as a sense of honour which will be very angry, if recognised as such. They worked night and day, but committed the atrocious mistake not only of making light of their labours, but even of continuing to look unmoved, debonair, in short, gentlemen. When Private Secretaries in the War Office, who had weary-eyed handled a telephone in uneasy dawns, observed that the Germans had really lost the battle of the Marne in the War Office Registry—that home of lost causes and papers—the Northcliffe press nodded a menacing head. When young wits at the Admiralty, their hearts torn with the knowledge of the submarine-haunted seas, maintained their pre-war claim to be reckoned by the ignorant as "socks et preterea nihil," the Dictator pronounced doom. *The Times* and the *Daily Mail* did not believe in the attitudes of Sir Philip Sidney which pleased an age also not without merit. For them, to be successful a man must not only achieve success, but he must look success, talk success and, above all, advertise success. The foolish boys at the Admiralty might crack jokes about the half-Nelson touch. The Press had no sense of humour.

They brought in the new era and the new Private Secretary. To the young man who dictated what Ministers were to say to a typist there succeeded middle-aged efficiency who dictated what Ministers had not said to a Press-man. The sense of humour, as defined above, was sternly banished. Though the laughter of our troops in Flanders was the wonder of the Press, laughter at home was forbidden. The new race of Private Secretaries were, above all, business-

like. They had, in the good modern phrase, no frills. Mr. Lytton Strachey speaks feelingly in his 'Eminent Victorians' of a Private Secretary to the Pope who was of supreme service to Cardinal Manning. This gentleman was unhappily not blessed with a sense of humour, and in consequence his efficiency finally left him in confinement more strict even than that of the Vatican, and in an atmosphere even less open to the influence of reason—to wit, the padded cell. We do not say that this doom necessarily awaits all our Private Secretaries who want humour. On the contrary, when we consider the grounds upon which Private Secretaries are now only too often appointed, we wonder not whether they will end in the madhouse, but whether we don't live in it.

'PASTEUR' AT THE VAUDEVILLE (PARIS).

(From a Correspondent.)

THE success of M. Sacha Guitry's new play at the Vaudeville—a play in which the career of the great Pasteur is presented for the intelligent admiration of his countrymen—is frankly amazing. London would not look at the play at any time. Not even Mr. Granville Barker in the most serious moment of his life would dream of presenting such a play to an English audience. There is not one woman in the cast. There is no story to the play, outside the official story of the life of a great man of science, a story which is concerned solely with the ideas, discussions, difficulties and successes of an original investigation. There is no interpolated romance, no incident invented to hold the attention with plot and counter-plot. We are asked to be interested in Pasteur's ideas, to admire the energy with which he presents them, to appreciate the singleness of heart with which he works for them, to enjoy the dexterity with which he encounters and discomfits his adversaries, to rejoice in the honours which he ultimately obtains. We hear Pasteur lecturing to his students, we form part of the audience of doctors which disputes his contentions, we see him staking his beliefs upon the issue of an experiment, we are present when he receives the legion of honour and becomes a member of the Academy. There is no light relief to these proceedings. Madame Pasteur is mentioned on one occasion as walking in the garden, and that is as near as we get to the private and domestic affairs of our hero. We are watching a biography in the grand manner, a biography as Lord Rosebery might render it if he were to write for the stage without changing the spirit and method of his work. There is no touch here of Mr. Louis Parker putting history into fancy dress or Mr. Bernard Shaw playing with historical persons and ideas for his own strictly individual purposes. We are confronted with a great man dealing with great issues. We are asked to be interested intellectually in his ideas and to be moved emotionally by the simplicity and devotion of his character.

Not one prophet in a hundred saw the least chance of success for such a play. But the public is never so mysterious and surprising as when we are prepared to abandon all hope of its good sense. From eight o'clock to half-past eleven Parisian audiences (who clamour for their revues and light operas as loudly as the Londoners) sit in enthusiastic rapture while M. Lucien Guitry, in speeches drafted by his brilliant son, lectures, argues, and expounds. In the second act these same audiences virtually become the original audience of Pasteur himself. The theatre is plunged into darkness for a moment and, when the lights go up, there is Pasteur facing us and talking to us as though we were his contemporaries. Doctors rise to the right and left of us in the auditorium and argue with the lecturer. We almost have thoughts of ourselves intervening in the discussion. We applaud the home-thrusts of the great man, resent the interruptions of his enemies, and are anxious that he should make the best of his case. The scene is typical of the immediacy of the interest we are required to take all through the play in the victorious presenting of the truths of science, in the battle of new ideas with

established errors. Pasteur is presented as an incarnation of the spirit of impersonal, disinterested investigation. His victory is presented not merely as a stage in the history of medicine involving concrete discoveries of great importance to humanity, but as a victory of fearless incorruptible truth over all that is indirect and disingenuous in human thought. We have here the drama of the serpent and the eagle, and we recognise it as a drama able to hold and move a human audience, yet unmixed with baser matter. The abstract love of truth is a fundamental passion of mankind; and, when it can be touched and evoked as in this remarkable play, the result is calculated to surprise those who have come to believe that the only possible general appeal to men and women in a theatre is an appeal to their sex.

We have said that such a play could not possibly succeed in London. Ideas have less hold upon the English public at large than upon the French public. Up to a point the average member of a French audience is ready to be interested by the presentation and discussion of general principles of morality and politics, by ideas considered on their merits, by social or even by philosophical and scientific controversies. The French are fonder of taking an intelligent interest in things than the English. The results of such ideas are, moreover, better organised and more articulate. Feeling an intelligent interest in letters they organise an Academy. Professing an intelligent interest in the Theatre they set up a Comédie Française. They insist upon making the most of their national achievements in the arts and sciences. They exploit and exhibit their notable Frenchmen as sedulously as the English ignore their notable Englishmen. M. Sacha Guitry constantly appeals to the national pride of the French in a great Frenchman, and he consecrates his last act to a ceremonial festival in celebration of France's contribution to the happiness and enlightenment of the world. The scene involves a speech by the President in praise of M. Pasteur—a speech which is perfectly fitted to the occasion, felicitous, dignified, moving and culminating inevitably in a solemn salute of the honoured great upon both cheeks—a scene such as the French delight in and manage superbly and the English wisely avoid. If the English get successfully through such a ceremony without feeling actually sheepish they are usually well-content. They would no more think of staging such a scene as the climax to a play than they would think of seriously remembering on St. George's Day that Shakespeare is a figure of international importance. M. Guitry's 'Pasteur' would not succeed in London because it is not the English habit to come together (except on solemn, official occasions) in order to remember with pride and satisfaction that an Englishman hypothesized gravity or constructed the first steam-engine or predicated the circulation of the blood. The French do these things for fun, because they are easily moved to a collective and an articulate pride in the achievements of France. The English will do these things dutifully as occasion requires; but they usually prefer to leave the business to committees or to such learned societies as are specifically interested.

There is one other reason why 'Pasteur,' which has succeeded in Paris could not succeed in London. The Paris theatre, though it has suffered from the war, has not suffered so much as the London theatre. It has catered for the same seekers after the brightest, loudest and most obvious kind of entertainment; but it has not altogether turned away from its doors the regular playgoer of normal times. The fact that Paris has a permanent and practical standard to maintain in theatres like the Comédie Française and the Odéon ensures that, however badly the commercial theatre may conduct itself, there will always be a point round which serious and intelligent playgoers can rally even when things are at their worst. In London nothing stands between the drama and the commercial greed of the theatrical syndicate. There is nothing to keep public taste wholesome and reasonable. It is possible for our London audiences to lapse into inconceivable degradation in their amusements in sheer absence of

mind. They have nothing wherewith to compare the worst that is offered them. The French public always has a point of comparison, a standard of merit, an abiding reproof to the vagaries of popular taste, a possibility of sudden and surprising recovery.

One incident in M. Sacha Guitry's play will serve to indicate the delicacy of the workmanship. At the close of the first act Pasteur is discoursing to his students of his ideas and hopes for the future. There is a slight disturbance outside in the street. War has been declared between France and Germany, for this is 1870. Some of the students rise and say farewell. They are for the Army. When they have left the room Pasteur quietly continues his lecture, and the curtain falls on his declaration that the most formidable enemy of mankind is the microbe. Without a word as to the waste and futility of war we have a swift, dramatic vision of the irresistible advance of civilisation and science, a vivid impression of the continuity of human thought and constructive endeavour, in the face of which a tragic European war appears as of small ultimate or permanent consequence. Yet not a word has been said. The idea is presented purely in terms of action and the spectator is left to draw his own inferences from what he actually sees.

ANDERS ZORN.

PAINTER—ETCHER.

IT is no exaggeration to say that Zorn is the greatest living etcher, and, moreover, one of the greatest etchers of all time. We use the word etcher in its literal and true sense, not in the loose way in which it is often applied to artists who work with the dry-point, or soft ground processes. It has been said that Zorn's genius in the representation of the nude stands unequalled in the world of modern painting—and this, as a result of "the open worship he has practised of the naked woman." The success that Zorn enjoys as an etcher is not a little due to his nude subjects. Many of his portraits are remarkably strong and bold, but they alone would never have made for him the reputation he has achieved. But the nudes are living flesh, set for the most part in sparkling sunlit water. During the last few years a change for the better has come over public feeling in this country in the matter of that false modesty which so much hindered a true appreciation of the nude; and it is certain that no one has done more to achieve this happy result than Zorn.

In Sweden, his native country, it was perhaps as a portrait painter that he won his great successes, but here in England, where but few of his paintings are to be found, we have learnt to know and admire him chiefly as an etcher, and it is with that side of his art that we are chiefly concerned.

Zorn was born in Dalecarlia in 1860, of peasant parentage. At an unusually early age he attended the Academy in Stockholm, and when he was twenty-one came to London, where he lived for three years studying etching under his fellow countryman, Axel Haig. In drawing attention to the plates which, in our opinion, represent the artist at his best, we are fully alive to the fact that tastes may differ; otherwise there would be no demand for fancy waistcoats. As, however, we have reason to know that our opinion is endorsed by the *cognoscenti*, we make no apology for being somewhat dogmatic.

Since 1882 Zorn has etched well nigh 300 plates. Of these 217 are faithfully described and illustrated in Deltail's "Le Peintre-Gravure Illustré," Volume IV, Anders Zorn: Paris, 1909.

His first etching was produced in 1882, and was a portrait of his master and friend, Haig. As is often the case, the work of the first two or three years was very much of an experimental nature, and it was not until 1884 that the artist really found his own intensely vigorous and original style, which has won for him so high a place amongst the greatest etchers. To *retroussage* he has never resorted, all praise to him! In fact the subtleties of printing, on which so many artists mainly rely, have passed Zorn by altogether.

The first really interesting plate, "Rêve D'Amour," belongs to 1884. In drawing attention to Zorn's finest plates it will be convenient to divide them

into four classes, italicising plates which should receive special attention:—

- (1) The Nudes.
- (2) Portraits of Women.
- (3) Portraits of Men.
- (4) Genre Plates.

The most successful of the nude subjects in order of date are: "*Une Première*" (1889), "*Baigneuse de Dos*" (1896), "*Première Seance*" (1906), "*Eté*" (1907), "*Cercles D'Eau*" (1907), "*Edo*" (1907), "*Precipice*" (1910), "*Wet*" (1911), "*Seaward Skerries*" (1913), "*Early*" (1914), "*The Swan*" (1916), "*De Tva*" (1917).

Of the women's portraits the following are the most attractive:—"*Mme. Simon*" (1891), "*Mme. Hagborg*" (1896), "*Maya*" (1900), "*Au Piano*" (1900), "*Miss Rassmussen*" (1904), "*Ido*" (1906) and "*Mona*" (1911). The last-named is perhaps the greatest of them all.

What could be more superb than the finest of the portraits of the men? Such, for instance, are "*Renan*" (1892), "*Le Toast*" (1893), "*Henri Marquand*" (1893), "*Zorn and his Model*" (1899), "*Rodin*" (1906), "*Berthelot*" (1906), "*Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Curtis*" (1906), "*Anatole France*" (1906), "*Strindberg*" (1910) and "*Self Portrait*" (1916).

Of the genre subjects the most attractive are: "*L'Orage*" (1891), "*En Omnibus*" (1891), "*La Valse*" (1891), "*Demoiselle D'Honneur*" (1906), "*The Letter*" (1913) and "*Vicke*" (1918).

We wonder whether "*Vicke*" was really etched in 1918, or belonged to an earlier period? A close examination of the dates of the plates to which we have referred will show how prominently certain years stand out. For instance, 1891-2 was responsible for five of the very finest plates: 1906-7 for seven great plates, and again 1910-11 was a great year, which produced "*Precipice*," "*Wet*" and "*Mona*." One decade, 1904-1913 is responsible for many more important plates than any other. It will also be observed that, taken as a whole, the work of the last five years has not produced many plates of exceptional quality, always excepting, "*Self Portrait*" (1916) and "*Vicke*" (1918), which are perhaps as fine as anything that Zorn has done.

There are, of course, many failures, but it is not necessary to allude to them in detail. Among the comparative failures may be mentioned the group of portraits of well-known American women; and again some of the nudes, such as "*The Ford*" and "*The Fence*."

As indicating the increasing appreciation of Zorn in this country, records show that whilst in the years 1907-8-9 not a single Zorn etching was sold at auction in this country, during 1918 no less than ninety examples of his work appeared in the auction rooms.

The editions of many of the early plates were extremely limited, and accordingly prices rule very high for all the best early plates. In 1917 an impression of "*Baigneuse de Dos*" fetched £600 at auction in America. It is necessary also to remember that we, in this country, are still behind the Continent in a true appreciation of etching, and on that account it will almost invariably be found that prices in France, Holland and Sweden rule higher than they do here, a fact which should be, and is, taken advantage of by the wise collector.

So far as plates published before 1911 are concerned, it is never necessary to worry about the quality of an impression, or very rarely so. Since that date, however, it is a very different story, as of most, if not all the plates published since 1911, very large editions have been issued, averaging probably 200 proofs apiece. On that account it is now more necessary to examine impressions very closely. It is given to but few artists during their life-time to enjoy the International reputation of Zorn. There is an eager public in the United Kingdom, in America, and on the Continent of Europe, who await each year his new plates, and there are seldom enough impressions to go round. All the best plates go at once to a high premium, and generally become such favourites that owners very seldom part with them.

THE STRIKER'S WIFE.

You struck for less work, more wage, Jim—
And each day do less, get more.
But all prices keep pace with your pay, Jim;
So your gain is but time in store.

You need this, you say, for "culture"—
Such leisure brings toil for me,
Who thought I had married a working man,
Not a genteel "employee."

In the hours you devote to your "home-life"
Do you scrub, do you sew, or cook?
Do you wash 'em, or teach 'em—the children;
Have I got more time for my book?

Do you take me to see "the pictures,"
Or to watch your whippet run?
No; I can't join in your "home-life"
Till your holiday hours are done.

Do you eat less, drink less, spend less,
Now you've shortened the working day?
Not you—and I slave the harder
Whenever you please to "play."

Where will this lead d'ye think, Jim?
Who makes all you claim to spend?
If you aren't content with your value,
Can't you see how your game must end?

CORRESPONDENCE

INDUSTRIAL UNREST.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The atmosphere of industrial unrest emphasises the fact that in the working man of the railway-transport-mining type we have an enemy in our midst. This pampered individual, who was willing to let our soldiers fight on a mere pittance and our naval and air forces take terrible risks and undergo terrible hardships, while he was obtaining in safety at home, wages from ten to twenty times as high as the soldier's pay, now agitates for a considerably higher rate than what he has been receiving, although his financial position is vastly superior to many of the expensively educated and cultured classes. Moreover, the opportunities which he sometimes gets of evading the income tax tend to exempt him from taking a share of the burden that others have to bear. It is monstrous that the power of his vote should secure him preferential treatment and that he should be specially represented in the House of Commons under "Labour," while "Capital" and "Brains" have to go without any such special representation. We have no more use for the manual worker in Parliament than we have for the Lord Chancellor in a cowhouse. Brains should be our governing agent. Before the Armistice, strikes might have been suppressed by clapping the strikers into khaki and sending them to the front, for it was only in consideration of their helping the Cause industrially that they were exempted from conscription. Now, with that opportunity gone, a remedy may be found in attacking the political power of Trade Unions; or, rather, in going a step further, by repealing the Act of 1825, which legalised strikes, if conducted in a lawful manner—a clause which has become a dead letter with "peaceful" picketing countenanced as lawful. By abolishing the right to combine or conspire, the interests of the public would be protected against untoward consequences: and, with a threatened strike hanging over us, there is no time to lose in giving effect to a remedy, which must be drastic. It is also necessary to consider the question of suffrage conjointly with that of income tax. No person who evades the income tax should be allowed to vote, and the onus of proof that he has not evaded it should rest with the voter. As regards the working man, his income tax might be collected at practically no expense weekly or otherwise—in the form of stamps on pay-

ment acquittance rolls. Then, if at the end of the year he can show that his wages did not amount to a taxable sum, it is open to him to apply for a rebate in the same way as many people do who derive their incomes from dividends.

Yours faithfully,
C. H. B. BURLTON.

The Wellington Club.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Two or three years ago you permitted me to foretell the troubles now upon us; and I pointed out the remedy, urging its adoption as the alternatives were, "Syndicalism and Chaos." Well, it is "Bolshevism and Chaos," and this is only the beginning. Nothing adequate was done when it could be done safely and gracefully. Now the trouble is upon us we shall fight this tyranny at awful cost to the community, instead of disarming it in advance as we might have done. We must get down to bed-rock principles, and cease tinkering. The only cures yet discerned are co-operation and co-partnership. The difficulty was how to apply the principle of co-partnership to small, shifting, and the more speculative trades. This was insurmountable while we were under the sway of the Rip van Winkles of Finance, the Un-fair Traders, and the Anti-Reformers; now they are shunted, common-sense and scientific finance may get fair play, and the difficulties may be overcome.

The idea of citizenship needs supplementing by this feeling of partnership; partnership in the business and in the State. Communism would be stagnation and death; Socialism would be strangulation by red-tape. It is the sense of general partnership that is needed; all to start as junior partners, and work their way up, to full partnership; each one getting the just reward of his services to the State through the business in which he is employed. The handy, but antiquated system which leads to millionaires on the one hand, and to "wage slaves" on the other is doomed; the present troubles are the logical result of the wage system, and the remedy must be radical.

To conservative employers and capitalists radical remedies are abhorrent, and they will square their shoulders to fight to the death. They had better be wise betimes. Labour is a blind Samson, who if he cannot get his way can at least bring down the whole fabric about our ears, and he will, crushing himself with the rest of us. The grim alternatives are either to adopt these radical measures without loss of time, or be bludgeoned by ceaseless strikes into making endless concessions. This continuous industrial war, with its insecurity, will inflict untold suffering on the community, ruin trade, and land us in general disaster.

Yours faithfully,
E. WAKE-COOK.

(Author of 'Betterment; Individual, Social and Industrial,' &c.),
27, Hartington Road, Chiswick, W.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At present there is no sign of the trade boom which was expected to come with the return of peace, but, though we may be disappointed, it is impossible to be surprised; for it is evident that, so long as our expenditure keeps up to the war level, not only must the depletion of our resources continue, but the demoralisation of the wage-earners must increase.

So long as idleness is endowed by Government and unemployment is raised to the rank of a liberal profession, so long will it be impossible seriously to undertake the work of reconstruction, and useless to expect the wage-earners to take their share in restoring the country to something approaching its former condition of prosperity. The sight of many thousands of women and girls studiously avoiding every kind of work in order to draw their full thirteen weeks' unemployment pay has been particularly galling to the honest worker, while nothing could be more irritating to the returned

soldier than to see the shirkers who fled to munition works in order to escape conscription now loafing about on allowances of 29s. and 30s. a week—pensioned skulkers—who openly admit their idleness. Of course, in justice, we must remember that they have their excuse—as was pointed out to a Cambridgeshire friend of mine, when he wanted some of these loafers to help in his threshing—that, if they do any work, they lose their unemployment benefit.

At a time when enormous expenditure and diminished foreign trade are tending to reduce us to the position of a third-rate power, the State promotion of idleness—the policy of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill—threatens absolute shipwreck to the ship of State. If we are to survive, we need the ungrudging service of every man and every woman of every class in the kingdom, but just when all hands are needed at the pumps, we find a large number of the wage-earners deliberately exploiting the gravest national crisis in our history for purely sectional purposes. Unfortunately since all the official Conservative leaders have done homage to Mr. George, there is no popular politician left who dare explain to the people that the surest way of promoting unrest is to yield to the threats of shirkers, and that, when the Prime Minister truckled to the Socialist section of the London police, he invited disgrace and disaster as surely as did Ethelred the Unready, when he tried to buy off the Danes.

There is really nothing mysterious about our present discontents. So long as to have grievances is a business proposition, and to be a manual worker is to be regarded by the Cabinet as a social martyr, so long will restlessness increase, until finally it ripens into revolution.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, Leeds, February 24th, 1919.

TAXATION OF LAND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I always read the Correspondence in your valuable paper with instruction, and, I hope, profit. I was much struck by the letter in your issue of the 22nd on "*Taxation of Land*."

Yes, by all means, let us tax it.

I will give my own experience in support. More than thirty years ago I came into a large Estate; it was chiefly of light arable land, although with a fair amount of pasture. There were two villages in it.

Owing to mismanagement and other causes, it was charged with encumbrances to more than half its "value," and the villages were in a shocking condition of "repair." The rental was about £5,000; but so heavy was the interest on the "charges" and the annual "repairs" that the "Income" was nil.

Fortunately, I have other moderate resources.

As the Estate was a "family" and historical one, and moreover very beautiful, I determined to make many personal sacrifices to bring it into good order.

After thirty years of hard work, I have succeeded in not only clearing off practically all the "charges," but putting the farms and villages into an "order" that had been "*admired*," although still, I am sorry to say, owing to decrease in rents and increase in taxes, without making the "Estate" show any profits.

I do not think the case is an isolated one. By all means, let us have, as your correspondent suggests, "*Taxation of Land*." No doubt, "this would allay industrial unrest": whether it would remove the never-absent fear of "undeserved destitution" is another matter.

I enclose my card, and am, sir, yours truly,
"LANDOWNER."

West Park, Damerham, Salisbury.

THE FATE OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It was in January, 1793, that news reached England of the death under the knife of the guillotine of the anointed King of France. Bishop Horsley

happened to be preaching a January 30th sermon before the House of Lords. In passionate accents he denounced the "infernal maxim that kings are the servants of the people, punishable by their masters," and then spoke of—

"The horrible example which the present hour exhibits in the unparalleled misery of a neighbouring nation, once great in learning, arts and arms, now torn by contending factions, her government demolished, her altars overthrown, her first-born despoiled of their birth-right, her nobles degraded, her best citizens exiled, her riches, sacred and profane, given up to the pillage of sacrifice and rapine, atheists directing her councils, desperadoes conducting her armies, her granaries exhausted, her fields uncultivated, famine threatening her multitudes, her streets swarming with assassins, filled with violence, deluged with blood!"

"Is the picture frightful? Is the misery extreme, the guilt horrid? Alas! these things were but the prelude of the tragedy—public justice poisoned in its source, profaned in the abuse of its most solemn forms to the foulest purposes; a monarch, whose only crime was that he inherited a sceptre, the thirty-second of his illustrious stock, butchered on a public scaffold, after the mockery of arraignment, trial, sentence, butchered without the merciful formalities of the vilest malefactor's execution, not the pause of a moment allowed for devotion, honourable interment denied to the corpse!"

At these words the whole assembly sprang to its feet and remained standing to the end of the sermon.

What a contrast to the apparent apathy with which the hideous murder of the monarch whom one of our leading Statesmen in 1917 styled "a noble and faithful ally," together with his wife and innocent children—whatever version of the tragedy is correct—has now been announced and scarcely discussed in this country. "We are fighting," Mr. Lloyd George told the British Workers' League demonstrating in Hyde Park on May 27th, 1917, "for the universal triumph of popular government." He induced the House of Commons to send a message of congratulation to the Kerensky revolutionists, who had deposed and imprisoned their Sovereign, and "the prisons of monarchs," we know, "are not far from their graves." One of Kerensky's heroes, it was reported, kicked the Tsar savagely, while he was receiving Holy Communion. Kerensky's government, in removing the Tsar and Tsaritsa to Ekaterinenburg, compelled them to join the queue of rough moujiks and verminous soldiers at the ticket office and travel in their company in the lowest class, which they did with simple dignity, then and thereafter being allowed only peasant food and lodging. This was reported in your columns on July 29th last. And now the inevitable end has come at the hands of Kerensky's successors, whom our Government has induced the unwilling Allies to recognize. And a once generous public is hypnotized. Burke should be with us at this hour.

Your obedient servant,

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

Branksome Park.

"THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Stutfield's letter, in the last number of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, while it shows, with additional clearness, the hopeless and irreconcilable divergence between his views and mine, yet calls, in mere courtesy, for comment on certain points.

Whether the "secular system" does, or does not work well in the United States, it is still a fact that many thousands of Catholic children, in New York City alone, attend their own parish schools, not merely for conscience' sake, but also because the municipal authorities have so far made no attempt to provide accommodation for them in the State schools—to which their parents are forced to pay rates and taxes.

As to "Regulation 17" of the Ontario School Code, it applies to all "French-English" (bilingual) schools in receipt of Government "grants in aid"—the German-Lutheran schools being expressly exempted.

Now, by virtue of that code, the Protestant (and incomparably richer) majority allocate their rates to the State schools; the Catholic minority to the "separate" (Catholic) but State-controlled school. The grants in aid are, to say the least, equally disproportionate. The latter schools, moreover, receive no share in the rates locally paid by large corporations, railway companies, etc., even when, as in Ottawa, Catholics form fully one-half of the population, and certainly contribute their fair share towards the dividends on which the said rates are levied. Further than this, it may be noted, that all death duties, in Ontario, by whomsoever paid, are made over to the benefit of the State (and secular) University of Toronto.

The rights and liberties granted, by the Treaty of Paris, to "the King's new Canadian subjects" were, unquestionably, nominally limited by the phrase "so far as the laws of England will allow" (or words to that effect) which, if strictly interpreted, would have subjected these "new subjects" to all the penalties and disabilities, *civil and religious*, applicable, at that period, and for over sixty years longer, to His Majesty's "old subjects" (in Britain) "of the Popish religion." The Law Officers of the Crown, however, in June, 1765, gave it as their opinion that "His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects residing in the countries ceded to His Majesty in America, by the definitive Treaty of Paris, are not subject in those Colonies to the Incapacities, Disabilities, and Penalties to which Roman Catholics in this kingdom are subject by the Laws thereof." This opinion, wisely, generously, interpreted and applied, assured to the Catholics of Quebec, as far as possible, the full and complete liberty in the practice of their religion, with all the civil, educational, legal and political consequences of that liberty; reaffirmed, and reassured, by the Imperial Acts of 1774 and 1867. These limits, I *do* contend, have not been overstepped by the Church in Quebec.

Mr. Stutfield complains that his charges—against the Catholic Church in general, and in Quebec, in particular—"have not been answered." If so, it is for the reason that they are, in his case, in a very real sense, unanswerable. No defence of the Faith of over 300,000,000 of his "fellow (?) Christians" will ever change his cherished convictions. He must, therefore, be left to hold them, until God—if it shall please Him—shall show him otherwise.

As to Mr. Taschereau's utterances, I have seen neither the words quoted, nor their context; but I will say that, during all my years of residence in Canada, I never met a single French-Canadian who was not willing and anxious that his children should learn English—provided only that no attempt was made to deprive them, on whatever plea or excuse—of their own tongue.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANCIS W. GREY.

The Manor Lodge, Watford.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I wish you could arrange for your reviewer to select the letters for publication in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

If I may adapt a remark of his (from 'A Book of Nonsense,' 15th February issue), when we find the Railwaymen's Meeting at the Albert Hall and the labour disturbances generally ascribed to Popish agency "we perceive religious mania as well as intellectual perversion," and yet you permit more than a column of the same issue to be taken up with idiotic nonsense of this kind from "Porcelli di S. Andrea," who I suppose is the individual who used to describe himself, before the war, as "Baron Porcelli" alias "Colonel Porcelli."

I do not think there is any paper I read with more pleasure and satisfaction than the SATURDAY REVIEW, with its sane and patriotic outlook, but almost every week I am irritated (and I am sure many other readers must be too) by some out of date religious squabble. All this wrangling between "Protestants and Roman Catholics" has not the faintest interest for the ordinary

people and I am surprised that such a sensible and intelligent paper should devote any space to such folly.

Yours obediently,

G. Lyster Todd.

Horsleydown, Kingsdown, Deal.

19th February, 1919.

[The avowed object of the Roman Catholic priesthood of Quebec is to make of Canada what the priests have made of three-fourths of Ireland. This is certainly not "an out-of-date religious squabble," and, though it may not interest our correspondent, it is a very urgent problem for Canadian Statesmen, which interests a great many people both here and in the Dominion.—Ed. S.R.]

PELMANISM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just come upon an article on Pelmanism in your issue of February 8th. It needs an answer, as it contains statements which are unfair to the system.

Pelmanism has the merit of giving its students simple psychological instruction and putting them in the right path for organising their mental life. Many people are familiar with the elements of psychology, but they do not always make personal application of the knowledge; while very many more are quite without any realisation of cause and effect in the life of the mind.

Your article says that people "pay four or five guineas in order to be taught that when they walk abroad they should take notice." That seems to me to be an inversion of the fact. The questions and exercises in the Pelman course act as searchlights and show the student how very much less notice he takes than he thought he did; they reveal indolent habits of thought, the untidiness of his mind, or convince him of his failure to use to the full one or more of his senses. Bacon may have invented the system, as your correspondent claims, but how many of our rank and file read Bacon? I have not looked up the passage to which you referred, but incline to the belief that Bacon was too wise a man to claim that his system *made all brains equal*; he may have claimed justly that it would prove beneficial to all types of brain; a very different matter.

Self-examination forms a part of every ordered religious system, and what is useful in the spiritual life is also profitable in the intellectual and practical life. Have I failed in business, socially, at home? If so, why? What is the cause of this failure, how can it be avoided? One advantage of Pelmanism is that it sets its students to examine themselves and gives them sound, if simple, advice as to how to make the most of their gifts and to minimise their mistakes. It is easy to sneer at a popular movement of this kind on the grounds of its simplicity, but the simplest and most fundamental things need to be constantly re-stated.

The failure of much of our education lies in the fact that it does not give the scholar principles to work from. It teaches him subjects, but does not teach him how to work.

I conclude by saying that I have taken the Pelman Course as an ordinary student; and that I have no axe to grind; nor am I paid to advertise it. Pelmanism succeeds because it supplies an actual need: advertisements alone, although a powerful factor in the success, could not produce it, were the wares advertised valueless.

I enclose my card. I have held various educational positions in the past fifteen years and may lay some claim to the possession of a trained intelligence.

Yours faithfully,

A RECENT STUDENT OF PELMANISM.

[We gladly publish this testimonial to Pelmanism, which has not been paid for, and is written by a lady who has done the course. But if it be true, as our correspondent says, that Pelmanism supplies an actual need, what are we getting for the enormous annual sums we spend on national education? There is nothing in Pelmanism that an intelligent nurse, certainly a school teacher, would not tell a child—at least we suppose so.—Ed. S.R.]

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You are doing good service in opening your columns to letters on Pelmanism. You are losing an advertisement, but "a good name is better than riches." Of course, all the certificates to character are paid for. A distinguished author told me that he was offered forty guineas to give one. He promptly put the offer in the fire. Pity that Sir Quiller-Couch, Sir Rider Haggard and the rest did not do likewise.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD CLODD.

Strafford House, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The best solution to the housing problem, to my mind, is in Restaurant Flats, or as they are usually called "Service Flats."

In well frequented and busy thoroughfares, in large cities, I think flats with two restaurants attached would be the most economical.

A restaurant on the ground-floor of such a building would be open to the public, at a slightly lower tariff than the restaurant on the first floor, open to residents of the flats only.

The two restaurants would be connected by food lifts; but no staircase or other means of passing from one restaurant to the other.

A semi-circular aperture could be cut in the floor adjacent to one of the walls, between the restaurants, and a bandstand could be interposed accessible by a special staircase from within the lower or the first floor restaurant. Kitchens for both could be either on the top story or in the basement, in communication, of course, by food lifts.

The flats would be central-heated throughout by a good system of hot-water or steam radiators, which could shut themselves off automatically, when the temperature reached the maximum height required.

These restaurant flats, minus the bandstand accommodation and the second restaurant, could be applied to all classes of the community, whether in the East End of London or the West End, or any reasonable sized provincial town.

Yours faithfully,
D. R. BROADBENT.

DIRTY MILK.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A good many people are ill just now, and one of the contributory causes, no doubt, is dirty milk. I get mine—or the portion of it which insolent and swindling purveyors choose to give me—delivered with impurity, which is visible to the naked eye, and not seldom "rectified" with water, which may be dirty too.

After all the fuss and propaganda about cleanliness this is outrageous. The tradespeople who are thus illegally reducing the quantity and contaminating the quality of one of the chief foods for children and invalids ought to be severely dropped on. If there is not sufficient machinery for the inspection of milk, it should be invented. Here is a chance to use some demobilised men who can be trusted.

I protest strongly against the indifference to the health of the nation, which is being shown by the authorities. I do not mind a little thieving, as that seems too general an ideal to-day to deserve protest, but I do object to being poisoned by careless tradesmen.

If they had to exhibit in their shops the convictions against them, as, I believe, is the rule in France, they might be less casual. But here, apparently, the world belongs to the huckster, and the consumer may go to the devil. When most of us are dead, or permanently disabled, I suppose something will be done, or attempted, if there is no more attractive "stunt" on hand.

Yours faithfully,
INVALID.

REVIEWS

A CHEERY BIRD.

'A Pelican's Tale,' by Frank M. Boyd. London. Herbert Jenkins. 15s. net.

TO have edited a personal gossip paper like the 'Pelican,' for twenty-eight years without making an enemy and only encountering one libel action, which was practically withdrawn, is a record on which a man may well look back with complacency. There are two ways of getting on in the world, to speak well of everybody, and to speak well of nobody. Mr. Frank Boyd chose the former, the pleasanter, easier, and perhaps more lucrative course. Everybody is referred to in these pages as "my old friend So-and-So," or "that pleasant and kindly fellow," or "my very good friend." With regard to those whom the rest of the world went on to regard as disagreeable or unscrupulous persons, the catholic Mr. Boyd gives us to understand that they were in reality well-meaning and kind-hearted philanthropists. Labouchere and Jim Davis went on the opposite course; they attacked everybody, and were always in hot water. We don't know who made the most money out of journalism, we think it was Labouchere, but then he put a great deal of capital into it, and being a very rich man, he could fight any number of libel actions. But we do know that Labouchere and Davis were more amusing than Mr. Boyd, whose indiscriminate praise we find a little cloying.

None the less, this is a very readable book, and more entertaining than most of the cheery reminiscences of "clean-shirted Bohemia." Mr. Boyd worked his way through 'The Bat' and 'The Hawk,' to the ownership and editorship of 'The Pelican,' whose first big "scoop" was a series of articles on the Tranby Croft affair, written by the once famous "Jim" Davis. By this time it may be forgotten that the Tranby Croft scandal was a cheating at baccarat, alleged to have taken place at a country house, where the Prince of Wales was staying. As the Prince of Wales placed every member of the party on his or her honour not to blab, it is obvious that some man or woman in the Prince's set sold the secret to Jim Davis. But as Davis was not only a journalist and a racing man, but a partner of Sam Lewis, the money-lender, he had peculiar means of information. Is there such a thing in this world as a safe secret? Look at the Asquith-George correspondence!

Started by a real scandal about "Sassietty," written by the wittiest journalist of the day, it may be imagined that the 'Pelican' bounded into popularity, and never looked back. It wanted considerable courage on Mr. Boyd's part to publish the Tranby Croft articles, for he knew his Davis, and the smallest mistake might have ruined him. He reaped the reward of courage, as men always do, which makes it surprising that the quality is so rare. There are many chapters about the 'Pelican' Club, and the dramatic world, and 'The Pink 'Un,' a friendly rival, and its justly celebrated band of jokers, Binstead, Newnham Davis, Goldberg, and there is one awkward recollection of Cecil Rhodes, who was a friend of Mr. Charles Boyd, the writer's brother. The scene in the Downing Street flat of Sir Starr Jameson, is described with so much power as makes us regret that Mr. Frank Boyd did not turn his pen to other uses than the editorship of 'The Pelican.' "An important person, who was in the room at the time I allude to, said to him, in course of conversation, 'Now tell me, Rhodes, is the Kaiser simply an egotistical ass, or a really big man?' and I remember well how the South African turned his curious light blue eyes on the questioner, and becoming grave and serious as he did so, said in a very deliberate way, with a distinct pause between each word, 'A very great man indeed!'" It is remarkable in reading these various scenes of gaiety, in which the brightest spirits of the sporting dramatic and journalistic circles talk and "fight their battles o'er again," how common humour is and how rare is wit. In the whole book

there are only two witty sayings, and they came from W. S. Gilbert, who was not of the 'Pelican' world, but a rather shy and retired writer. Asked what he thought of Dickens, Gilbert said, "He was, if you understand me, a gentish person." Severely bored by a lady, who said, "I cannot tell you how much I admire Bach; is he still composing?" Gilbert answered, "No, Madam, not so far as I know. Indeed, I should say he is now decomposing!" We have not tried the experiment, but we should think Gilbert's plays would be as good reading as Wilde's. With true wisdom, Mr. Boyd, after his long spell of success, decided that the time had come "*fumantia solvere colla*," and he tells us that he has sold his paper for a good price. We hope that he may enjoy for many years the leisure he has earned, not of course without dust and heat, but with what poor Hugh Sidgwick called—

"the great quality
Of sanity, and sense, and easy jollity."

A CHARMING SAILOR.

Harold Tennyson, R.N. The Story of a Young Sailor Put Together by a Friend. Macmillan. 5s.

THIS little volume is full of charm, and the best part of it consists of Harold Tennyson's letters. One wonders how so attractive and versatile a young officer could have emerged from an atmosphere in youth which, in spite of many good points, is typified by two extracts from the late Lady Tennyson's diary:

"There is heartfelt grief all over the Colony. H. was inundated with telegrams of condolence from all parts. Dear 'Mother Queen'—it is just what one feels, I think, that one has lost a Mother, and as Lord Richard Nevill said yesterday, it is almost as if the sun had gone out."

No doubt Lady Tennyson felt the death of Queen Victoria quite as sincerely as Scott felt the death of Byron; but we might sympathise with that feeling more, if the same diary did not include a message given to an unnamed Bishop by Queen Victoria for the people in January, 1897:—

"She said she had been making steady enquiries as to whether anarchic Socialism was increasing in England as was said, and that she found that there was *really* very little real Agnostic and anarchic Socialistic feeling, and then she added, 'If only my people will go on loving God, all will be well.'"

The book, except for the letters themselves, is full of hints instead of information. We should, for instance, have been glad to know more of the phantasm of Arthur Hallam which was seen by one of the Poet Laureate's sisters.

Harold Tennyson himself was not over-weighted with veneration for anyone outside the Navy, and the reader will be glad to see how deeply he admired the great character and abilities of Admiral Hall, which will one day be even better known to his countrymen at large than they are now. The young officer's account of the Cabinet crossing the Channel on a destroyer is quite amusing.

"The next day we brought the Cabinet Ministers back again, not from Boulogne, but from Calais. I think they were all in a pretty good funk. I have never laughed more in my life than over the amusing incidents that occurred and the different attitudes with which each one literally resigned himself to his fate. They looked exactly like a party of English tourists one sees taken off in every continental paper, and the valets and secretaries and people were dressed in top-hats and frock-coats and commanded far more respect, and, what is more, got it, from the actual sailors than the Ministers.

"They always had their bags carried. The Ministers only did occasionally. They thought they would find out something of the British sailor on the way back, and Sir Edward Grey was entertained by the foremost gun's crew, who had not the foggiest idea who he was, and whose language must have made his hair stand on end. He asked one, 'What is your opinion of the Balkan question?'

and a sailor, a man who had been in the Service about 23 years, gave him a perfectly wonderful answer, quite unrepeatable, expressing his opinion of the Balkans generally. Lloyd George sat on an engine-room casing side by side with a fat and dirty stoker, who pointed his remarks with suckings of teeth and digs in the ribs."

Perhaps the most delightful letters are those about Russia. The passage about showing the Russian Princesses round the *Queen Mary* has been much quoted and has a certain tragic flavour now. But the description of Reval is a masterpiece of condensation, and the brilliant account of Petrograd is quite as good. It is perhaps a pity that some photograph was not included in the volume. Anyone acquainted with other members of the Tennyson family will understand what Admiral Hall meant when he wrote about "the good fine face with the straight eyes"; but it seems a pity that other readers should not have a better chance of realising what Harold Tennyson looked like, for the letters themselves must make any reader who did not know him regret the fact.

Y.M.C.A.

'The Romance of the Red Triangle.' By Sir Arthur K. Yapp, K.B.E. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.

WHEN we began the war without men or munitions, we naturally had no provision for comforts or entertainment. The War Office was so tightly tied up with red tape that victualling on business lines was felt to be hopeless, and commercial firms were encouraged to open Expeditionary Force canteens and profiteer. Then, through lack of competition, certain religious or semi-religious bodies—the Church Army, the Salvation Army and the Young Men's Christian Association—were welcomed as caterers and entertainers. Any parliamentary candidate will tell you what popularity can be acquired by propagandists who appeal simultaneously to the stomach and the soul; and the Y.M.C.A., rapidly outdistancing its rivals, secured toleration for its tenets by selling tea and groceries, which would otherwise have been to seek.

Before the war, it was a comparatively obscure exponent of muscular evangelism. Gymnastics and the Gospel were preached concurrently. It appealed to goody-goody young clerks, who preferred hymns and bagatelle and swimming-baths to music-halls and public houses. In August, 1914, its managers perceived their opportunity of aggrandisement and advertisement. "No one," says Sir Arthur Yapp, "knew where the men, or the money, were to come from, but it was decided to go right ahead. . . . In our extremity we laid the whole position before one of our most generous supporters. 'If we are to seize the opportunity,' we said, 'it is absolutely necessary we should secure immediately £25,000.' He looked up and smiled indulgently: '£25,000!' he cried, 'you couldn't possibly raise £3,000 at a time like this; the thing's impossible!' . . . Within a few days the whole of the £25,000 had been raised, and we were appealing for another £50,000, until, at the time of writing, in August, 1918, the war fund had reached the total of nearly two and a half millions sterling."

We admit that the Y.M.C.A. has received many well deserved compliments from high quarters and that many of the workers gave voluntary service in a spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice. But with its immense resources and all the commercial facilities afforded by the military authorities, added to the absence of competition, the Association might surely have accomplished a great deal more. Sir Arthur Yapp boasts of the recreations provided and prints a list of articles sent out, such as 875 gramophones and 8,386 records (a proportion conducive to monotony of noise), 426 golf balls (for how many million men?), and 358 Badminton sets. But a frequent complaint among the soldiers, especially in distant camps, was that they found nothing to do at the huts except make a noise, or write letters, or listen to ignorant addresses on religion, or buy tea and provisions at exorbitant prices. In one hut, the men were reduced to carving

their own chessmen out of firewood. With the exception of the trashiest novels or evangelical tracts, there was practically nothing to read, especially in distant places like Mesopotamia and Macedonia, where books were most needed. Of course, the free stationery was a boon, and Sir Arthur Yapp informs us in his precise way that "by August 31st, 1918, 929,590,430 pieces of stationery had been sent out from Y.M.C.A. Headquarters in London for distribution among the men of His Majesty's Forces," costing upwards of £90,000 per annum. It was, however, remunerative philanthropy, for the paper and envelopes with their staring red triangle went all over the world to advertise the Association.

This triangle, though associated in many minds with bottled beer, is intended to have a religious symbolism. "It has not been chosen by chance," we are told, "but because it exactly typifies the movement it represents. The threefold needs of men are its concern, and its programme is adapted to meet the needs of body, mind and spirit, whilst its colour symbolises sacrifice." Be this as it may, the Y.M.C.A. is undoubtedly trying to set up a new religion, substituting the triangle for a cross in an angular rather than Anglican or angelic way. While proclaiming tolerance and breadth of mind, it is actuated by the straightest prejudices of the Pharisees. With its vast funds and the prestige of its recent service in the camps and all its elaborate organisation, it may easily become a danger to religion, and even to the State. We say a danger, not merely because it is a Gallo in respect of authority and tradition, but chiefly because it goes on to inculcate subversive doctrines under plausible pretences of reconstruction after the war. This is due to the subtlety of undesirable persons who have wormed themselves into its councils and will doubtless be repudiated at its headquarters. The avowed ambitions are summed up in the following quotations: "After the war there will be a holy Roman Church and a holy Y.M.C.A., but no more Church of England"; "R.C., C. of E., Y.M.C.A.—these three are the religions at the Front"; "In the reconstruction we shall need the help of every worker who is prepared heart and soul to work out the full programme of the Red Triangle for Britain's sake and for the sake of the Kingdom of God." Yes, but what is the unauthorised or unavowed programme?

THE HOUSE OF GUISE.

The Brood of False Lorraine. By H. Noel Williams. 2 vols. Hutchinson. 24s. net.

THE story of this great house has been ably told by M. Forneron, in "Les Ducs de Guise et leur Epoque." There was room, however, for a book on the subject in English, and Mr. Noel Williams has supplied the want in his accustomed style, well-informed but compilatory. He takes up the younger branch of the Lorraine family, on its entrance into the service of the Kings of France, and his volumes would have been improved by a prefatory account of the Dukes of Lorraine, and of their shadowy claims on Naples, which they inherited through the line of Anjou. But though Mr. Williams is lacking in historical equipment and his references are distractingly vague, he can deal effectively enough with dramatic events, such as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew or the murder of Henry, Duke of Guise, at Blois. He is decidedly readable.

Comparing the Guises with their rivals, the Bourbons, we perceive that one source of their strength lay in their close clannishness. Whereas one Bourbon was always trying to trip up another—Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIII., the great Condé and Egalité Orléans are obvious specimens of malcontents—the three conspicuous Dukes of Guise, Claude, Francis and Henry, had in their brothers, the Cardinals, devoted though not always judicious adherents. The Guises were a compact faction, if the Crown struck at one of them it struck at all. Secondly they won, and they retained the affections of the people of Paris from the day when Claude delivered the city by cutting the Imperial *landsknechts* to pieces at Neufchâteau.

That meant the support of the Paris clergy, a support that Cardinal de Retz was afterwards to use to such formidable purpose in the wars of the Fronde.

Claude, a consummate and fortunate soldier, it was who laid the foundations of the house in conjunction with his brother John, a rip even for a Cardinal. He may have been playing for his own hand when he led the invasion of Naples, a dangerous interprise in which Alva proved much too strong for him, but, given the fact that the King of France was then little more than *primus inter pares*, he served Francis I. with reasonable fidelity. If Francis, on his death-bed, warned his successor against the Guises, who would "strip him and his children to their doublets and his people to their shirts," he had only his own open-handedness to thank. Besides, death-bed utterances are nearly as untrustworthy as epitaphs.

The Guises had already begun to play a part in international politics, through the marriage of Claude's sister, Mary, with James V. of Scotland. In the following reigns, with an idler, a weakling, a madman, and a degenerate successively on the throne of France, they seemed to have monarchy within their grasp. But neither the elder nor the younger Balafré had quite Claude's force of character. He was cool in the field; they were hot-headed. He saved his money; they threw it out of the windows with both hands. The younger Balafré became the pensioner of Philip of Spain, and though the League gained much strength from Spanish support, it was always the weaker member of the partnership. In the long and bitter struggle between Catherine de Medicis and the Guises, it was the mother fighting for her whelps who won, exactly as Anne of Austria beat the Fronde later on. The Guises, indeed, occupied an impossible position. "He who draws his sword against his prince," said the Duke of Parma, "ought immediately to throw away the scabbard." But the Guises shrank from extremities. Even if Henry of Navarre could be set aside as a heretic, the Catholic Bourbons stood between them and the throne. At the utmost they aimed at being Mayors of the Palace and driving Henry III. into a monastery. Henry of Guise's sister, Mme. de Montpensier, boasted that she had in her girdle the golden scissors which were to give the King his final crown, the tonsure. Henry III. replied to the scissors by the dagger of Montsédry, a conclusive argument.

Francis of Guise had his Spanish mentor in Cardinal Granvelle, and Henry a kindred spirit in Don John of Austria. But behind his agents there was always Philip of Spain, ever plotting, ever delaying, and inveterately suspicious of his instruments. The Guises, therefore received but fitful support from abroad, and the younger Balafré especially found himself destitute of resources when action was imperative. But their own instability of disposition prevented them from making the most of their opportunities. The father did little after the "tumult of Amboise," and its ruthless suppression had placed the game in his hands, and allowed Catherine to consolidate the party of the *Politiques* with l'Hôpital as its leader. The game was in his hands the second time before the walls of Orleans, when Poltrot's pistol carried him off, with or without the knowledge of Coligny. We agree with Mr. Williams, that his brother, the Cardinal, was probably responsible for most of his acts of cruelty. The younger Balafré, in spite of isolated deeds of clemency, was a religious persecutor by instinct. Yet it is curious how he, no less than Catherine failed to turn St. Bartholomew to account. They were both aghast at the over-success of their enterprise; the Queen Mother, as Balzac tells us in his profound study in the form of a story, "Sur Catherine de Médicis," declared that she had no more than four deaths on her conscience, and Guise's conduct in riding out of Paris after Montgomery, when the massacre was at its height, was not that of a man who sins with resolution. In the last months of his life, with a packed States General to back him, he was content to irritate the wretched Henry III. with a policy of pinpricks, and if he showed fine courage in going unarmed to his doom at the Castle of Blois, he showed too a reckless want of calculation.

The family sank to rather small things after the three great Dukes had gone. It produced some formidable duellists, but readers of St. Simon will remember that by the reign of Louis XIV., the Duke of Guise had become "M. le Grand" or the grand equerre, a mere official. Still there was the romantic young Henry, with his matrimonial affairs, his extravagant courtship of Mlle. de Pons, and his madcap descents on Naples, the lure of his house. Mr. Williams tells us all about him; he might have told us more than he has about the Duke d'Elbeuf, the nominal leader of the Fronde, who was celebrated in the famous triolet:—

Monsieur d'Elbeuf et ses enfants
Font rage à la Place Royale.
Ils vont tous quatre piaffant,
Monsieur d'Elbeuf et ses enfants;
Mais sitôt qu'il faut battre aux champs,
Adieu leur humeur martiale.

We cannot agree with Mr. Williams that the Count d'Harcourt, another Guise whom Condé ridiculed in some rollicking lines, was "one of the best French captains of his time."

THE HOLY PLACES OF ISLAM.

A Modern Pilgrim in Mecca. By Major A. J. B. Wavell, M.C. With an Introduction by Major Leonard Darwin, M.C. Popular Edition. Constantine. 2s. 6d. net.

THE fact that Major Wavell was killed in action in East Africa in 1916 gives a pathetic interest to this re-publication of the story of his pilgrimage to El Medinah and to Mecca in 1908—a book deserving wider fame than it has yet obtained. We are told in the preface, which describes his service in the war, that Wavell "was buried by the Germans, who put up a cross over his grave." To readers of "A Modern Pilgrim" the symbol will seem strangely inappropriate, as incongruous as the death-bed claim to Richard Burton as a member of the Church of Rome. For Wavell, by his own account, if not technically a Muslim, was not a Christian in any customary acceptance of the term; he had a feeling for the Prophet and the spirit of Islām hardly distinguishable from avowed belief. It is this which gives his story charm and human value. Lacking the wide Islamic learning and the almost impish genius which distinguished Burton, the later pilgrim had the great advantage of a simple, modest, and straightforward style. Both writers could have made the pilgrimage to Mecca with much less trouble and no risk at all as English converts to Islām, but both preferred to court the greatest danger rather than run the gauntlet of that "curiosity, if not suspicion," which attaches to the new-made Muslim in the centre of Islām. Both, though willing to appear as Muslims, must be Muslims born. In Burton's narrative there is a good deal which would displease the pious Oriental; in Wavell's there is nothing to offend his sensibilities. The latter's criticisms are reverent and always serious, pointing to practicable reforms which would be welcomed by the great majority of pilgrims. His work, if well translated into Arabic, might be useful to our new allies in the Hejjaz, who have no easy task before them in preserving order.

It is principally for the glimpse which it affords of the political condition of the Holy Places under Turkish suzerainty that the book will interest the British reader at the present time. The only unifying and restraining element, as here described, the sole protection of the cosmopolitan hordes of pilgrims from the attacks of murderous and thievish Arabs, was the Turkish power.

Of the desert tribes of the Hejjaz, the author says: "In character, though brave, generous and hospitable, they are treacherous and consider things allowable in war that are decidedly not 'cricket.' They are by no means fanatically religious, contrary to the received idea; they neither fast nor pray, and in reality are only nominal Mohammedans."

"The pilgrims consider them savages and have good

reason to hate and fear them; so also have the inhabitants of the Arabian towns."

"For many years past the Turks have found it less trouble to pay a certain sum of money to the sheikhs of the Bedou tribes through whose country the pilgrim caravans have to pass in return for immunity from attack rather than to send large escorts with them. Though it may well be considered undignified for a civilised government to submit to such extortions in their own country, there is really no help for it. To occupy and police Arabia in such a manner as would make it a safe country for travellers would be at present about as practicable an undertaking as an invasion of the moon. Neither the Turks nor anyone else can hope to accomplish it. The character of the country, difficulty of transport, and scarcity of water would effectually settle a European army, and the Bedou themselves are much more formidable opponents than the half-armed savages we destroyed in such numbers at Omdurman. They are well armed with modern rifles (a good proportion being small bores), and, judging by the amount of firing at long ranges, round Medina, they have little trouble in obtaining ammunition."

"With the completion of the Hejjaz railway the Turkish Government made a precipitate and, in the circumstances, an ill-advised attempt to stop further payment of tribute for safe conduct to the tribes en route. This, as a matter of fact, did not amount to very much, as the part between Syria and Medina never gave the caravans very much trouble. The news, however, spread through Arabia and alarmed the more important tribes between Medina and Mecca, and Medina and Yembo. If they were not allowed to plunder and not paid to refrain from doing so they would evidently be in a bad way."

There is the explanation of the horror which non-Arab Muslims feel at the idea of the Holy Places being handed over to an Arab kingdom. Mecca and Medina are regarded as belonging to El Islām as a whole; that they should be handed over altogether to the local Arabs would be nothing less than a disaster from the Muslim point of view, and would be regarded as a cruel insult to, if not a persecution of, Islām. It is important that this feeling, and the reasons for it, should be understood in England at the present time, unless the great majority of Muslims are to be estranged quite needlessly. This book of travel, written in impartial days, throws light upon that problem, as on many others.

PERSONAL JOURNALISM.

Uncensored Celebrities. By E. T. Raymond. London. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

PERSONAL journalism is a popular and well-paid branch of the profession, for did not Plato say that "democracies talk always about persons, a thing most unbecoming to philosophy"? Mr. Raymond is a past master of the personal sketch, dashed off for the weekly paper; and in the matter of technique, of easy

THE FAMOUS

"ALL-IN" POLICY

FOR HOUSEHOLDERS

covers practically every serious risk to which they are liable in respect to their homes for an inclusive premium of

5/- per £100 per annum.

(Minimum Premium 7/6)

"ALL-IN"
POLICY DEPT.,
52, Threadneedle St.,
London, E.C.2.

EAGLE STAR & DOMINIONS
INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

Head Office: British Dominions House, London, E.C. 3.

ASSETS EXCEED £13,000,000

and pungent writing, these "Uncensored Celebrities" are almost perfect. But they have perhaps, the gravest defect that personal writing can have—they are written from the outside. Mr. Raymond is observant, and well-informed: but the real interest of "characters" in literature is that they should be written with inside knowledge. Mr. Raymond is unfair to Sir Edward Carson and "F. E.," now Lord Birkenhead, and evidently has an imperfect sympathy with lawyers. He levels some pretty cheap sneers at aristocrats in the persons of Lord Derby, Lord Newton, and Lord Robert Cecil. The best characters are those of Lord Grey, who is treated with serious reverence, of Mr. Bottomley, who is treated with appropriate levity, and of Mr. Gompers, about whose American citizenship and cosmopolitanism some shrewd remarks are made.

THE COW-BOY AGAIN.

Billy McCoy. By Christopher Culley. Cassell. 7s. net.

THE author's preface informs us that Billy McCoy, cow-boy and ex-member of the late Mr. Cody's troupe, is drawn from a living model. This position does not in any case invalidate his spiritual kinship with the characters of Bret Harte, who may also be taken from life. He has all their sententiousness of speech, their quiet resourcefulness in emergencies, and their unexpected capacity for self-sacrificing devotion. He does not, however, sustain the principal part in the story to which he has given a name. That is allotted to his rival in love, Jack Lester, a ranchman newly out from England. Billy's function is that of appearing suddenly from a machine in order to remove the difficulties which impede his competitor's matrimonial enterprise. The object of their joint adoration possesses in perfection that quality which modern literary slang describes as elusiveness. We are scarcely ever brought face to face with her, and when we are, she never essays or does anything of importance. Of Lester's company we have enough and to spare; yet at the end of our acquaintance we seem to know him little better than at the beginning. The merit of the book lies in its vivid descriptions of New Mexican country, and of the hybrid population, who are presented in anything but a favourable light.

FINE CONFUSED THINKING.

The Pot Boils. By Storm Jameson. Constable. 6s. net.

IF the author has set out to typify in fiction, as a cubist may with his cubes, the demobilisation of thought which has broken with its old traditions and not yet been absorbed into others, he has succeeded to admiration. If he thought he was constructing a novel, he is wrong. Everyone in this book might almost be interchanged with everyone else. Each is just a mouth-piece for outpourings, never inane, always sincere. There are no "osses." If you "cut the cackle," there is nothing left. You do not wish to cut the cackle, if you feel within yourself something of the Gaudsaker, as Mr. Wells has called those who wildly say "For Gawd's sake let's do something!" There is so much youth, so much ardour and striving, about the clever and foolish and restless modernity of the boys and girls and men and women in 'The Pot Boils,' that, with all its amorphous quality, you read—and remember. The "aridly efficient" clique, presided over by the admirable Margaret; the despairing journalist who longs to redeem the world and is set to tickle it instead; the philanthropists who wish to regu-

late every moment of the proletariat's day for the proletariat's happiness—they all live and breathe, even in the welter and confusion of their presentment. The author gives a strong impression of wishing to do rather than merely to express, and (perhaps) of finding fiction too tame and indirect a medium. If he chose to take one of the world's wounds at a time, and suggest its remedy, he might achieve more than by racing over the battlefield with half-articulate cries. All the same, there is stuff in his book; often his speech has wit and his thought pungency. To use a cliché, Mr. Storm Jameson will certainly be heard of again.

A COMEDY OF COINCIDENCE.

Birds of a Feather. By Mrs. H. Tremlett. Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.

FRIVOLITY, light-heartedness, frantic coincidences, a corpse that could not depress anyone and doesn't matter anyway, being that of a sort of stage-property German and productive of hilarity much as was the corpse in 'The Wrong Box'; some slang, flirtatious, warm-hearted young people, who address one another, in impassioned moments, as "Old Thing" and probably "Old Bean"; an air-raid or so, some charming soldier-boys; an only half-naughty little widow who has certain attractions for the austere reader; a spy-hunt (of course) and wedding bells at the end—this is the mixture. It is not a substitute for bread or for beef-tea: but taken as an *apéritif* before a solid meal of study, or as a frank hour's diversion without a headache in a hogshead of it, it is a very jolly mixture, leaving little to be desired.

APPLE SAUCE.

'The Letters of Eve.' By Olivia Maitland-Davidson. Constable. 6s. net.

IT might be thought that a series of letters couched in the fashionable babyisms were all very well for the readers of the *Tatler*, but scarcely deserved preservation in book form. We hesitated over a volume beginning, "My dear Betty, You know, Tou-Tou and me, we're really seriously thinking of getting us to a nunnery or something (s'pose they'd admit a Peku wouldn't they?). . . . The nunnery idea's 'cos really it's been almost too t'rific for even this 'unwearing lover' your Eve—the norful rush of this, the very blingyest season that ever was."

This is dated June 14th, 1914, and we are borne in a similar strain right through the terrible years as far as Christmas, 1917. Yet, oddly enough, it is not monotonous or irritating to the present writer. Indeed, it is perhaps infectious and he found himself dreading the intrusion of such words as strawdin', breffles, debts, indispens, procesh, 'thusiasts, 'spicious, nuffing, comferable, circs, 'citements, breaves (breathed), into his correspondence.

In 1914, female fashions were fantastic and Eve wrote: "My get-up (at Ascot) was the sort that'll keep the photographers busy. 'Looks to me awfully funny!' one man said when he saw it. So I know it's quite fearfully right." On reflection, we are almost persuaded to apply the same logic to her bold book. The frivolity serves as a foil for touches of pathos and patriotism, as when we are suddenly told, "Pleasure suddenly at an end. The veil's been torn from our eyes very suddenly, and it's rather stilled and startled us, the glimpses of blood and sweat and agony, the ugly things and the grim realities of life. . . . Instead of the sound of flutes, there's the menacing rum of drums."



The Glass you cannot break: Use it for all purposes:—Goggles, Windcreens, Windows, Showcases, etc., etc.

Catalog free from: THE 'TRIPLEX' SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD.
(Reginald Dalpech, Managing Director)

1 ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

'TRIPLEX'
UNSPLINTERABLE
SAFETY GLASS



"I believe

SANATOGEN

.... has made certain great men what they are!"

According to the press-reports this was said by a leading K.C. in a recent case in Mr. Justice Darling's Court. (N.B.—The above is not his portrait.)

There is many a true word spoken in forensic jest, and it is certainly true that Sanatogen *has* made thousands of people what they are—so far as improved health and energy are concerned.

"It has made a new man of me, both physically and mentally," writes Mr. Harry de Windt; and Lieutenant Whitfield (R.G.A.) writes, "I feel that I owe my present healthy condition solely to Sanatogen."

And remember that Sanatogen is not a new untried preparation. "I believe that I was one of the first to recognise its value as a nerve food" writes Sir Edward Marshall Hall, "and I still believe it to be, in its effects, the best on the market."

Test Sanatogen's effects for yourself.
Buy a 5/9 tin at your chemist's to-day.
Supplies are now almost normal, so write to us if you have any difficulty in obtaining it.

GENATOSAN, LIMITED

(Manufacturers of genuine Sanatogen and Formamin)
12, Chelsea St., London, W.C. 1 (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)

CLEVER CARICATURES OF WORLD CELEBRITIES

Are now included as loose insets to each issue of "The World." They are the work of Bert Thomas and are reproduced in colours. Each Caricature is accompanied by a powerful character-study from the pen of "Jehu-Junior." The first subject is Lord Northcliffe, and number two (published with "The World" on Friday this week) will depict President Wilson.

A PEEP INTO THE CURRENT ISSUE

The Inner History of the Archduke Ferdinand's Murder.

By HERBERT VIVIAN, the well-known Balkan Authority.

Under the Clock. Our Parliamentary Article.

By "ONE OF THE HANDS." Illustrated by E. T. Reed.

Behind The Scenes at the Quai d'Orsay (illustrated).

By our Special Representative at the Conference.

The World We Live In. An amusing Society Topical Causeur.

By "EVE" (Olive Maitland Davidson).

The Progress of Peggy. A new series of Satirical Social Drawings by "George."

Pages In Waiting. Our Literary Chat

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Gossip from the Gay City.

By VIEUX-MARCHEUR.

The Playhouses.

By "STAGE BOX." Caricatures by Higgins

And many other features. The whole profusely illustrated.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY —

A BOOKSTALL—A SIXPENCE—"THE WORLD"

The World

THE LEADING SOCIETY WEEKLY

Published Every Friday.

Price 6d.



A Thought for To-day: A Bookstall—A Sixpence—"The World."

MOTOR NOTES

The British motor manufacturer, apart from a chosen few, seems to be a long time getting his house in order, and giving to the public particulars of his post-war programme, which is so anxiously awaited. Surely it is now high time light was shed on the matter. It is now nearly four months since the Armistice was signed, and another eight months will see the opening of the Peace Olympia Show, when all and sundry will want to purchase their 1920 car. Yet on making exhaustive enquiries, it is found that the majority of manufacturers are still short of a definite policy, and, in consequence, have not even got their catalogues and necessary literature in hand—a much longer undertaking than is generally known, which will be accentuated this year owing to prevailing conditions.

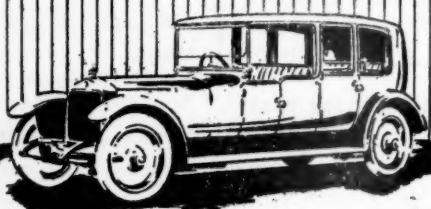
There is, of course, a lot that partially accounts for this paralysis of enterprise. Primarily there is the prevalent labour unrest; again the absence of knowledge as to how the Government propose to deal with tariffs on imported cars and material, as also in respect to the vast accumulation of numberless makes for which they have now no use. Again, some firms are still Government-controlled, strange as it may seem. All this mitigates against healthy speeding up of new production and post-war programmes, yet the manufacturer has no time to let the grass grow under his feet, and it is time that more general advertising was taken in hand, and also that such advertisements should tell the car-buying public something more than mere generalities.

Broadly speaking, there is no doubt that the moderate-priced and moderately-powered car, which

experience has proved fills all requirements, will be the car of the future, whilst the inexpensive light car will find its true value as a cheap and useful run-about, capable of both endurance and speed. There will naturally always be buyers of high-powered, ultra-luxurious, and high-priced cars, but the demand for such will be necessarily limited, especially as the taxation and upkeep of such carriages will form a heavy burden in future. There is also the question of the wisdom of owning vehicles of this description now that this country is becoming more democratic than ever.

It is pleasing to record with what energy Civilian Flying is being taken up. Air routes between many centres are being mapped out, both local and international, some covering huge distances. There is no doubt the near future will see an immense impetus in this direction. Dealing with flying as a purely business project, some caution is very essential. Aeroplanes and aeroplane engines are very expensive propositions, both in initial cost, maintenance, repairs and aerodrome charges. Output and standardisation are the crux of the matter. Meanwhile an aero engine of 500 h.p. weighing in metal about 8 cwt. and costing about £2,000 does not sound commercially feasible from a profit-making point of view. Prices must materially decrease before this can happen.

The *Daily Mail* tells us this week that "flying promises to be as cheap as motoring in the near future." Whether anything will be cheap in the near future (except the useless advice of the non-expert who is ready to give everybody hints) may be doubted. But nothing is gained by pessimism, and much is to be hoped from the ineradicable sporting instincts of the Englishman.



The Lanchester "New Forty."

THE mechanical perfection of the Lanchester New "Forty," will make it the most efficient of post-war cars. It is designed as a complete car. Its starting and lighting equipment is in-built, an integral part of the engine. The power unit itself is designed in the light of Aero engine experience, and embodies new and interesting departures from pre-war Lanchester design. The influence of the metallurgical laboratory is reflected in the cutting down of useless weight; and the use of lighter, higher-grade, and stronger material, will result in a but super-excellent car for reliable, economical, and efficient service.

LANCHESTER

95, New Bond Street, — London, W.
Birmingham AND Manchester.

S. J. PHILLIPS,
113, New Bond Street.

OLD ENGLISH
AND
CONTINENTAL
SILVER.

Specialists in
Second-hand Pearls and Jewels.
Bought, sold or valued.

Telephone : MAYFAIR 6261 and 6262.
Telegraph : EUCLASE, WESDO, LONDON

NAPIER

THE
PROVED
BEST.

BRITISH
BUILT.

ALWAYS FIRST!

The Napier Aero Engine (known in the Royal Air Force as the "Lion") has kept up Napier traditions by attaining the World's Record.

On Jan. 2nd. Capt. Lang (Pilot) and Lieut. Blowes (Observer) on a D.H. 9 Biplane engined by a single 450 h.p. Napier "Lion" Engine ascended to the unprecedented height of 30,500 feet—or nearly

SIX MILES IN THE AIR.

As the Napier Car has always been known as the Proved Best, so the Napier Aero Engine has further established this claim.

BRITISH AND BEST

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.,

Works :
ACTON,
LONDON, W. 3.

14, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
LONDON,
W. 1.

MOTORS

A PEACE RISK

Who is carrying your death Risk?

Is it your Family,

or

a Life Assurance Office?

WHY NOT LET THE PRUDENTIAL CARRY IT?

A THANK OFFERING FOR PEACE

WILL YOU SEND A GIFT TO

**THE NATIONAL REFUGES AND
TRAINING SHIP "ARETHUSA"**
FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

WHAT THE SOCIETY HAS DONE AND IS DOING:—

- (1) Old boys are serving in 120 British & Colonial Regiments.
- (2) **2,600** have entered the Royal Navy.
- (3) **6,500** have entered the Merchant Service.
- (4) **900** Boys and 300 Girls now being maintained.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.

Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee: HOWSON, F. DEVITT, Esq.

LONDON OFFICES: } 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. 2.

JOINT } H. BRISTOW WALLEN.
SECRETARIES: } HENRY G. COPELAND.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Beardsley, Earlier and Later Work, 2 vols., 31/6; Oscar Wilde's Salome, illus. by Beardsley, 11/-; Burton Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illus., unexpurgated, £30; Thausing's Life of Durer, 2 vols., 1882, 42/-; Andrews' Adolescent Education, 2/-; published 5/-; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1905, £2.2; Stephen Phillips, The New Inferno, with designs by Vernon Hill, large paper copy, 21/-; William Morris's Collected Works, 24 vols., £12.12; Gotch's English Homes, 30/-; Omar Khayyam, large paper copy, Villon Society, 1898, £4.4; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21/-; Frank Harris, Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde, 2 vols., £5.5. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

EDUCATIONAL.

KENYON HALL COLLEGE.—High-Class Boarding School for Boys. 20 acres. Fees from 60 guineas per annum upwards. Classical, Commercial and Scientific Education. Proprietor and Principal, Dr. JOHN MASTIN, D.Sc., Litt.D., Kenyon, Manchester.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE. Founded 1867. Incorporated 1911. Excellent modern buildings with Carpentry and Engineering Workshop. Army Class. O.T.C. Fees moderate and inclusive. Scholarships in March.—Apply to the Headmaster.

THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE within the UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

Applications are invited from qualified candidates for the post of Principal. Salary, £500 per annum, with board and residence within the College. First-class fare to Sydney, plus 10 per cent., provided.

Particulars from the undersigned, to whom applications, stating age, and accompanied by references and ten copies of recent testimonials, should be sent not later than 15th March, 1919.

AGENT-GENERAL FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sydney House, 26/27, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1.

19th February, 1919.

MUSIC.

WIGMORE HALL.

AMY HARE. FOURTH CHAMBER CONCERT. MONDAY NEXT, at 3.

AMY HARE. Assisted by KATHLEEN PARLOW, MARY PORTMAN, LIONEL TERTIS, ARTHUR WILLIAMS, and

JOHN COATES, who will sing songs by AMY HARE. Tickets, 11s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s. IBBS and TILLET, 19, Hanover Square. 4156 Mayfair.

QUEEN'S HALL.

Sole Lessees—Chappell and Co., Ltd.

MURRAY LAMBERT. ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. TUESDAY EVENING, NEXT at 8.

MURRAY LAMBERT. with the LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Conductor—HAMILTON HARTY. Tickets, 11s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s., 1s. 3d. IBBS and TILLET, 19, Hanover Square. 4156 Mayfair.

WIGMORE HALL.

TUESDAY NEXT, at 8.

SYLVA VAN DYCK. VOCAL RECITAL, Assisted by ETHEL HOBDAV (Pianoforte), GERAINT WILLIAMS (Violoncello). At the Piano—S. LIDDLE. Tickets, 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 2s. 4d. IBBS and TILLET, 19, Hanover Square. 4156 Mayfair.

WIGMORE HALL.

SYBIL EATON. SECOND VIOLIN RECITAL. THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, at 8. Assisted by FELIX SALMOND ('Cello). and HAROLD SAMUEL (Piano). Tickets, 11s. 6d., 5s. 9d., and 3s. IBBS and TILLET, 19, Hanover Square. 4156 Mayfair.

WIGMORE HALL.

WINIFRED MACBRIDE. SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL. FRIDAY AFT., March 7th, at 3. Chappell Piano. Tickets, 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., and 3s. IBBS and TILLET, 19, Hanover Square. 4156 Mayfair.

BOURNEMOUTH.—REBBECK BROS., whose offices have been established for 70 years, are agents for the letting (and sale) of the principal available houses and supply lists free. Early application is advisable. Offices: Gervis Place, Bournemouth.



Bell's
THREE
NUNS
Tobacco

Alone, maybe—but never lonely with your pipe and a pouchful of this especially companionable smoking-mixture . . .

"King's Head" is similar but stronger

Both are sold everywhere

1-oz packets 11d. Tins: 2-oz 1/11—4-oz 3/10

Cigarettes

(Medium)

5¹/₂ for 10:11^d for 20

Boxes of 50 2/2—100 4/3

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Great Britain and Ireland Ltd., 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

Safeguard your Health with

Dr. J. Collis Browne's
Chlorodyne

THE BEST REMEDY
KNOWN FOR
COUGHS,
COLDS,
Asthma, Bronchitis.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.
Acts like a charm in
DIARRHOEA, COLIC,
and other bowel
complaints.

Always ask for a
"DR. COLLIS BROWNE."

Of all Chemists 1/3 3/-

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

The Effects of the War
ON
LIFE ASSURANCE BUSINESS

Pamphlet on application to the General Manager.

SUN LIFE OFFICE

(ESTAB. 1810.)

63 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C. 2

ANDREW MELROSE, LTD. DISTINCTIVE NEW BOOKS

According to Orders

By E. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Author of "In Action," "Battle Wrack." Price 5s. net.

What makes the good-natured German a Hun and a brute? These thrilling vivid sketches will tell you. It is docility in the hands of a merciless military system.

On Finding England

By HAROLD LAKE

Author of "In Salonika With Our Army." Price 5s. net.

This is a great "After-the-War" Reconstruction book by a returned soldier who sees England with new eyes of understanding, and writes of his ideals in an English that suggests a new master in literature.

Annesley of Surat.

A Sequel to "Early English Adventurers."

By ARNOLD WRIGHT.

Price 10s. 6d. net.

The thousands who were enthralled by the glowing papers of "Early English Adventurers" will not find this sequel disappointing.

JACKSON GREGORY'S LATEST.

Second Large Edition.

The Splendid Outlaw.

By JACKSON GREGORY

Price 5s. net.

Mr. Gregory's third novel of adventure in the Far West is equal to his first two stories, and higher praise cannot be given.

A Maiden in Malaya.

An Anglo-Indian Novel.

By ISOBEL MOUNTAIN.

Author of "Salam."

Price 5s. net.

President Wilson : New Statesman.

By AFRICANUS

Price 2s. 6d. net.

Sport and Science on the Sino-Mongolian Frontier.

A. de C. SOWERBY.

Demy 8vo. Price 12s. 6d. net.

ANDREW MELROSE, LTD., LONDON.

Revealed by the War

1,250,000 TONS OF PAPER DISAPPEARS EVERY YEAR — A LOT OF IT IS BURNT.

☐ Save and sell all your old catalogues, books, magazines, newspapers, etc., even the smallest scrap of paper counts.

☐ Communicate with us, either by 'phone (No. 245 Hop) or post, and we will send you, free of charge, the necessary sacks for packing.

☐ We promptly pay you the highest Government prices. Collections in London daily — Country parcels carriage paid.

YATES & CO.

(Section W)

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR
DIAMOND STREET,
PECKHAM, S.E. 15.

Telephone: . . . 245 Hop.

SMITH AND SONS (MOTOR ACCESSORIES).

INCREASE OF CAPITAL.

AN EXTRA-ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories), Ltd., was held on February 24th, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., for the purpose of submitting the following resolution:—"That the capital of the company be increased from £300,000, divided into 300,000 shares of £1 each, to £500,000, divided into 500,000 shares of £1 each, by the creation of an additional 200,000 shares of £1 each, such additional shares to be issued at such time or times and on such terms and conditions as the directors may prescribe." Mr. Samuel Smith (chairman of the company) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. F. A. Cotterell) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen,—You have heard the resolution read proposing to increase the capital of your company by 200,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, thereby bringing it to the round half-million. I foreshadowed on the last occasion, when I had the pleasure of addressing you at the annual general meeting, that we had not at that date arrived at a conclusion as to our future requirements. We now propose to obtain your sanction to issue 150,000 of these new shares, for which the Treasury sanction has already been obtained. The remaining 50,000 shares we propose to hold in reserve and under the control of your board, to be issued as and when necessity may arise. In the opinion of your board we have now reached the point where any future finance which, owing to the further extension of the business, may become necessary may with advantage be done by preference shares, mortgages or loans, so as to obtain further capital on a cheaper basis, and in consequence increase the dividend-earning capacity of the ordinary shares. You will remember that we are pledged not to create and issue any securities ranking in priority to your shares unless you have been consulted, and I need hardly assure you that the board will take no such step without calling the necessary meeting to obtain your sanction to any such course. Seeing that I addressed you recently on the future of the company, I do not propose at this stage to go into matters in any great detail. Those shareholders who were present at the annual general meeting had an opportunity of hearing my observations, and as the speech was fully reported in the public Press I will not trouble you with any detail.

Present indications give strong evidence that there is an increased demand for the company's products all over the world, and that there is sufficient work in sight to keep the company's large factory at Cricklewood fully occupied for some long time to come. There is, however, one marked difference in dealing with many thousands of customers, compared with having as your chief customer the Government. It is easier to finance a large turnover in the latter case than in the former. Larger stocks have now to be carried, particularly owing to the growth of the export trade—more notably in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Dutch East Indies and the United States. In order still further to increase the business abroad subsidiary companies are in process of formation in France, Denmark, Italy and elsewhere. It might interest you to know that the turnover at our branches during the past twelve months has equalled the total turnover of our entire business, home and export, during 1913-14. (Applause.) While we have always sought, in laying out our factory for Government requirements, to provide for the future, yet considerable expenditure is now necessary for balancing machinery if we are to produce on the most economic lines. We are of opinion that the prospective demands for the company's products all over the world warrant the assumption that our maximum turnover during the war will be maintained after a brief interval—an interval which is commonly called the transition, or reconstruction, period. I presume that you are convinced that the new capital is necessary and will prove beneficial to your business, and now I feel sure that the thought uppermost in your minds is as to the manner in which we propose to raise it. In other words: Is there to be a bonus to shareholders? And what about underwriting the issue? I believe the arrangement we have made, and which—subject to the consent of the Stock Exchange to deal in the new shares being granted—we propose to put into execution forthwith, will satisfy you on the first point. As to underwriting, we have also made satisfactory arrangements with a sound financial house which has handled our issue in the past to our complete satisfaction. The circular which I hope will be in your hands by the end of this week will give you the full details and terms of the issue, which it would not be to your advantage to disclose earlier. If I were to do so the result would be to create speculation in the shares, and that we have discouraged to the best of our ability throughout.

Mr. Gordon Smith (managing director) seconded the resolution. The resolution was carried unanimously, and the proceedings then terminated.

THE CITY

We hope that a strong protest will be made, both in the City and the House of Commons against the cool proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to continue the existence of the Fresh Issues Committee. It is a body which has no statutory authority, being simply appointed by the Lords of the Treasury for the period of the war. It has distinguished itself by dilatoriness, inconsistency, and foolish vindictiveness against those who dispensed with its *imprimatur*. It is preposterous to continue it under Dora's powers now that the war is over. The procedure of the Committee is improved by its being divided into panels, and consenting to hear applicants. But its power is increased, because no one can now make a fresh issue of capital without the license of the Treasury. Hitherto you might issue your capital without the sanction of the Committee, if you chose to pay the penalty of not being quoted or dealt in on the Stock Exchange.

Investors now have a new problem to solve. The abominated Excess Profits Duty of 80 per cent. is to be modified, if not abolished; we hope, abolished, because it is no use taking half-measures with an unmitigated evil; and in its place will be instituted a tax on industrial profits. The tax, doubtless, will be graduated in a manner similar to income tax and super tax; but, until the scale is announced, it is impossible to judge precisely what its effect will be. Certain it is that a tax on profits will be a check upon enterprise; it will tend to keep prices of commodities high, and it will involve many inequalities; but it will be less injurious to trade, less liable to cause inflation, and less inequitable in its operation, than the Excess Profits Duty. So if investors are unable to solve the problem of the immediate effect of a graduated tax on profits, they may console themselves with the thought that the result cannot be worse than the present conditions.

The appointment of a strong International Committee to represent holders of Mexican securities is a satisfactory move for British investors, in spite of American interests having a preponderating voice. The English Committee of Foreign Bondholders has not shown much activity in recent years; indeed, under the prevailing conditions it is difficult to see what it could do off its own bat. America inevitably will take a larger concern in the development of Mexican resources in the future than in the past, and British and French interests may congratulate themselves on being invited to co-operate with the New York houses in the reorganisation of Mexican finance. A good demand has arisen for all classes of Mexican securities.

Most encouraging news has been received by the Ratoczyn (Galicia) Oil Company. The directors have not yet been able to get into direct communication with the property, but they have information from an undoubted source that the production of oil has continued practically through the whole period of the war without cessation, and that considerable profits have accumulated. This is an extraordinarily happy position for an oil company operating in the area of hostilities. Full particulars of the financial position are awaited with keen interest and meanwhile the £1 preferred shares are changing hands at about 2½. For the two years preceding the war these shares received 10 per cent. and 11½ per cent. respectively.

It is quite appropriate that there should be an air of the theatrical about the efforts to secure control of Drury Lane Theatre. Sir Alfred Butt (with Joel backing) made a bid, and promptly other managers vied with him for control, with the result that the 15s.-paid shares, languishing at 12s. 6d., have run up to 30s. Sir Alfred Butt has won the day, and he assumes the office of chairman and (with Mr. Arthur Collins) joint managing director, bringing with him on to the board Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. William Boosey, of Chappells.

BRITISH BURMAH PETROLEUM COMPANY, LTD.

The adjourned eighth ordinary general meeting of this company was held on February 21st at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., the Hon. Lionel Holland (the chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said that the trading profit again exhibited satisfactory growth. In 1915-16 there was an increase of £109,000, in 1916-17 one of £39,000, and in 1917-18 a further £79,500; and there was no reason to doubt that in the current year the figure would be maintained, if not improved upon. For the first time for many years the Allied Rangoon Oil Company had declared a dividend of 5 per cent. upon its share capital, mostly held by the British Burmah Company. Capital expenditure by the latter had been limited, in spite of the enhanced cost of supplies, material and labour, because it had been necessary to reduce the drilling staff and cut down development work owing to the shortage of supplies. Capital expenditure at the refinery was again insignificant. Revaluation of the refinery assets showed that the book figure of £199,000 was thoroughly conservative. Last year the directors were content to put only £15,000 to the reserve, but this year they felt called upon to allocate £110,000 to reserve and contingent reserve.

It was proposed to increase the dividend from 7½ per cent. to 12½ per cent., free of income-tax; and at the end of July an interim dividend would be paid on account of the first half of the current year. Their chief cause for anxiety was that for years conditions in the Yenangyaung oilfields had been growing less favourable. The proved sands were getting exhausted, and more costly and expensive drilling was called for to maintain the output. Any immediate anxiety was allayed by the very favourable results of sinking to the deeper sand wells in the Beme section of the field, and on their outlying territory there were certain blocks which could fairly be expected to contribute substantially to future output. As yet their search to prove a new substantial source of supply had brought no real encouragement. Now that they could hope for more regular delivery of material and casing they would push on with the proving of outlying territories; investigations were being pursued in and out of Burmese territory, and every effort would be made to acquire a holding for the company in any thoroughly promising and convenient territory, so that the permanent future prosperity of the company might be more fully secured.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a balance dividend of 8s. 5d. per share, free of income-tax, was declared payable on March 1st.

BOVRIL, LIMITED

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of shareholders in this Company was held on February 20th at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., Mr. George Lawson Johnson (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said he referred at length last year to the increase in the cost of food, and he regretted to find that during 1918 all records had been broken. The *Labour Gazette* of January last showed that the general level of prices for the principal articles of food was in December, 1918, 130 per cent. above the level for July, 1914. Part of this could doubtless be explained by the increased cost of production arising from higher freights, wages, etc., but there were many prices which could not be fully justified by these economic causes alone. They would, he thought, agree that much of the discontent and unrest which had been so evident during the past year was owing in no small measure to the increased cost of living, and more especially to the higher prices of the food of the people. To attempt by raising wages to correspond with the high prices of food was not settling the matter. It was only starting a very vicious economic circle that must soon entail still higher food costs. The only real solution of the problem was to get food prices down wherever present actual production costs would warrant it.

The selling price of Bovril was the same to-day as it was in July, 1914, though it cost them very much more to produce. This was an achievement of which they could all feel justly proud. He believed it was the duty of a great food company like Bovril not to raise its price during those terrible years of war if it were possible by organising its raw material supplies in the Southern Hemisphere where beef was cheaper, and by organising its sales, they could retain its pre-war prices. This they had successfully accomplished. He felt satisfied the credit of that somewhat unique attainment would redound to the credit of the company for years to come, and they, as shareholders, had every right to feel that they had assisted in a laudable and patriotic course of action. He believed, too, that they had the great majority of their shareholders with them in this policy. If there were any shareholders who thought that Bovril ought to have joined in the profiteering campaign, he would like to explain for their benefit that it would have been neither worthy nor worth while to have done so. To earn an additional 1 per cent. dividend free of tax on their deferred shares—£7,500—they would have had to increase their selling price by £53,571, of which £46,071 would have gone in excess profits and income tax. The result would have been they would have been stigmatised as profiteers on a large scale instead of standing out

as they did as a prominent example of the antithesis of that undesirable section of the community.

I now have pleasure in moving: "That the report and accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1918, be and the same are hereby approved and adopted by this meeting, and that after the dividends on the Preference shares, 5½ per cent. per annum, less income-tax, and the ordinary shares 9 per cent. per annum, less income-tax, for the six months ended the 31st December, 1918, making 5½ per cent. and 7 per cent. for the year respectively, have been paid, a dividend of 10d. per share on the Deferred shares for the year ended the 31st December, 1918, free of income-tax, as recommended by the directors, be and the same is hereby sanctioned."

The report was unanimously adopted, and a resolution increasing the temporary borrowing powers of the company agreed to.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD.

Copy of Chairman's speech on 21st February, 1919.

"Another year's history has been added to this business and its figures and results have been printed. Its returns are, of course, much greater than ever before and its profits also are somewhat higher than those of last year. Its percentage of gross profits, however, is decidedly less than previously, showing that this house at least has not taken advantage of an advancing market to get a higher gross profit. It has instead used the last year of the war to again demonstrate to the great purchasing public that the lowest prices may always be depended upon at Selfridge's. There can be no possible leaning towards profiteering in such a policy."

"The expenses too are far greater in aggregate than ever before—the chief item of increase being the pay-roll, which has risen at a very rapid rate. The rise has been, of course, voluntary on our part and has more than kept pace with increased costs of living. We hope sincerely that standards of remuneration now in force will not suffer diminution in any way in the future, but we feel that throughout the country from those receiving these increased remunerations there is due that full spirit of 'try,' of 'doing one's utmost and best,' which is so apparent to the observer of the staff of this house."

"If there could be eliminated from the actions of employers a lot of the selfishness which too often allows them to see questions of difference from their own standpoint only, and from the actions of employees, that too often evident spirit of opposition to the business with which they are associated—opposition to its decisions and to its policies—if both these elements of human nature could be eliminated, much of the difficulty between so-called capital and labour would disappear. A spirit of goodwill, of absolute justice on each side, of friendliness and co-operation between employer and employee is greatly to be desired, but both sides must do their full share in dispersing these qualities and the employer must see that the paymaster is instructed to do his duty in placing in the weekly pay envelope its fair proportion of the coin of the realm."

"Selfishness and jealousy—two yellow streaks in the human make-up—are usually the guilty factors and responsible for most trouble and until we all become sufficiently civilised to shake at least in part those unfortunate elements out of our natures we are going to suffer accordingly."

"In connection with this subject we declare unhesitatingly that the excellent results which it has been the privilege of this business to attain during the past ten years are largely due to the delightful spirit of earnest loyalty, of enthusiasm, of trying to do things always better, of happily working together and of the *esprit de corps* of this great staff of whom we have fair reason to be very proud."

"Now that the war is over we feel certain that this business will spring ahead. Restrictions—as necessary as they may have been—are directly antagonistic to business development—at least to business such as this. Governmental control is always a handicap to business, just as it would be to a runner in the Marathon race, and it is with much relief that men of affairs all over the kingdom see those who have well and unselfishly performed the unhappy but necessary duty of officially controlling the departments of commerce rapidly surrendering those duties. We can see no evidence that the love of bureaucracy prevails in the minds of at least those strong men who have been of such enormous temporary aid to the Government during the past difficult years."

"Soon things will, we may hope, be running more nearly normal, and from then on the success of each individual, of each business and of the united commerce of the entire Empire will depend upon the ability, good judgment, nerve and splendid hard work which is associated with the undertaking—so far as the outcome is concerned we profess ourselves to be absolute optimists."

THE Saturday Review

9 KING STREET, W.C.2.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE)

United Kingdom	Abroad
One Year : £1 8 2	£1 10 4
Half Year : 14 1	15 2

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE

Another Successful Year

Funds Considerably Augmented

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Legal and General Life Assurance Society was held on February 25th at 10, Fleet Street, Mr. Romer Williams, D.L., J.P., presiding.

The Actuary and Manager (Mr. E. Colquhoun) read the notice.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The number of policies issued in the past year was 3,932, against 3,833 in 1917. The sums assured were £2,170,058, as against £1,934,873, and the premiums £137,493, as against £108,094. These figures are before deducting re-assurances, the totals of the life assurance and general funds being combined for the sake of brevity. The figures after deduction of re-assurances are: Sums assured, £2,127,104, as against £1,866,851, the new premiums being £133,647, as against £103,495. These figures show an improvement under every heading in comparison with those of the previous year, which should give general satisfaction having regard to the difficulties created by the war. (Hear, hear). The total net premium income of both funds amounted to £1,111,090, as against £1,069,972. Dealing for the moment with the life assurance fund only, the society has received as consideration for annuities purchased the sum of £53,392, as compared with £47,523. Having regard to the very favourable terms for investments that have been available during the year this increase may, I think, be considered particularly satisfactory, as showing confidence in the financial stability of the society. The total expenses and commissions are 11.2 p.c. of the premium income, as against 11.6 p.c. This result, you will no doubt agree, is a satisfactory one, especially having regard to the increased volume of new business which has been transacted and the many expenses due to the war. The total claims on the life assurance fund amounted to £730,511, of which £183,597 represent claims under endowment assurances. The remaining claims, amounting to £546,914, are on account of deaths of 428 lives assured, and of this amount £111,829 is attributable to deaths directly due to the war. The corresponding figures for last year were £654,952 death claims, including £132,873 due to the war. Apart from the war claims, the society's mortality experience in 1918 was a favourable one. With regard to death claims directly due to the war, the total number of deaths notified to date is 844 in respect of £746,653, sums assured and bonuses. As a result of the society's operations the funds have increased by the sum of £433,382 during the year.

THE SOCIETY'S ASSETS.

The directors have, as usual, gone through the various securities comprised in the society's assets, and the result of such investigation is satisfactory. With regard to the Stock Exchange securities, I am pleased to say that, upon a valuation by the society's brokers as at December 31 last, there is shown an appreciable margin as compared with the book values, without taking into consideration at all the investment reserve fund of £40,694, or the sum of £40,786 which is shown as actual profit realised on investments sold but at the moment unappropriated to any particular account. The average rate of interest has increased from £4 15s. to £4 17s. This is satisfactory, but the society can only benefit by slow degrees from the rise in the earning power of money, and the increase in the rate of income-tax counteracts the increase in the gross rate of interest earned. The net interest earned, amounting to £360,874, includes a sum of £27,980, which represents a refund of income-tax made by the Inland Revenue to the society in accordance with the provisions of the Finance Act, 1915. This refund is in respect of the two years 1915 and 1916.

The Chairman then dealt at some length with points arising in connection with the society's Bill in Parliament approved at Wharnclyffe meeting held on January 28 last. He referred particularly to the position of the "with-profit" policies, and said that there had been a fear on the part of some policy-holders that their fund would be made liable for losses, if any, which might occur in other departments; but it had been explained to them that the life assurance fund was a separate entity specially protected by law from this risk. The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

The Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Charles P. Johnson, J.P.) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Macmillan's New Books.

SECOND IMPRESSION

FOLK-LORE IN THE OLD TESTAMENT: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend and Law.

By SIR J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. 3 vols. 8vo. 37s. 6d. net.

Nature:—"These three volumes should be the household companion of every religious teacher, nay, of every one who cares or dares to see what that latest daughter of science, folk-lore, has to say about the cherished beliefs from the Old Testament, absorbed in infancy and rarely visualized differently in later life."

ESSAYS IN ROMANTIC LITERATURE.

By GEORGE WYNDHAM. Edited with an Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY. 8vo. 12s. net.

The Times:—"It was a good deed to collect these chapters of George Wyndham's unwritten book. Much of George Wyndham's life lies outside these studies, and Mr. Whibley in his introduction does not travel far beyond the contents of the book. But from the soldier and the statesman whom he knew he has taken enough for a true portrait."

NINTH THOUSAND

THE SECRET CITY.

A Novel of Russian Life. By HUGH WALPOLE. Author of "The Green Mirror," &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The World:—"I am not going to tell you the story, because I should like you to enjoy its cleverness and be as interested in its development as I was. Mr. Walpole can not only write a good tale; he is a masterly word-painter."

INTERNATIONAL WAR: Its Causes and its Cure.

By OSCAR T. CROSBY, LL.D., F.R.G.S., President of the Inter-Ally Council on War Purchases and Finance. 8vo. 12s. net.

The Daily Graphic:—"A timely volume in view of the discussion now prevalent as to a League of Nations."

KARL LIEBKNECHT

"THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE."

By KARL LIEBKNECHT. Edited and Translated by S. ZIMAND. With an Introduction by WALTER WEYL. Crown 8vo. 7s. net.

A book that reveals Liebknecht's position on many of the great problems now before the German people. These essays and speeches made in war time give a new basis on which to judge Liebknecht's power and place in the new Germany.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C. 2.

The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1919. CONTENTS:

- The Constitution of New Germany. By William Harbutt Dawson.
 Political Syndicalism. By J. A. R. Marriott, M.P.
 The Labour Party at the Crossways. By Prof. F. J. C. Hearnshaw.
 Marshal Foch's "Principles of War." By Colonel A. M. Murray, C.B., M.V.O.
 Some Literary Aspects of France in the War. By Edmund Gosse, C.B.
 What is Militarism? By Major Cecil Battine.
 The Macedonian Question. By H. Charles Woods.
 Currente Calamo. III. By Sir Sidney Low.
 Russia and the Peace Congress. By Truvor.
 The Full Freedom of the Scheldt. By Y.
 Peace Terms and Colonial Reconstruction. By John H. Harris.
 The New Letters of Anton Tchekov. By R. M. Birkmyre.
 The Reconstruction of Cricket. By Sir Home Gordon, Bart.
 Prosecution or Persecution? By Gertrude Kingston (Mrs. Silver).
 Claire Ferchaud, L'Enfant des Rinfillieres. By May Bateman.
 The Adriatic Problem and the Peace Conference. By Virginio Gayda.
 Correspondence: Titus Oates in War Time. By E. Bowden-Smith.
 The Battle of Jutland. By Archibald Hurd.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL

are happy to report that the demand for MARSHAL FOCH'S great book continues undiminished, and that the welcome extended to it by the Press has been universal. It is to be found at all Libraries and at every good bookseller's.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR

By MARSHAL FOCH, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces. Translated by HILAIRE BELLOC, with numerous maps and diagrams. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.

They are publishing this week the most important study of the ex-Kaiser which has hitherto appeared, a book which has been highly praised by SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL in the *British Weekly*. The author was American Ambassador to Germany, and he writes of what he knows with no uncertain vigour.

Impressions of the Kaiser.

By DAVID JAYNE HILL, formerly American Ambassador to Berlin. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

They are also issuing the new book by Mr. ALEC WAUGH, whose school story "The Loom of Youth" is now in its 20th thousand. This book is an honest, good-natured account of prison life in Germany, full of humorous sketches of the military prisoners and the life they lived, and illustrated by brilliant pen-and-ink pictures by Mr. Waugh's fellow-prisoner Capt. R. T. Roussel of the Connaught Rangers.

The Prisoners of Mainz.

By ALEC WAUGH, author of "The Loom of Youth," with illustrations by CAPTAIN R. T. ROUSSEL. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Another spirited and entertaining book just ready for publication is Mr. FRANCIS B. COOKE'S latest yachting volume, a collection of stories, adventures and sporting incidents recorded by one of the best-known British yachtsmen, and profusely illustrated.

In Tidal Waters.

By FRANCIS B. COOKE, author of "The Corinthian Yachtsman's Handbook," "Cruising Hints," "Seamanship for Small Yachts," "Yacht Racing for Amateurs," &c. With illustrations by C. FLEMING WILLIAMS. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Few educational movements have aroused more interest than that which expressed itself at REPTON in that independent and original periodical, *A Public School Looks at the World*, which was eventually suppressed by the authorities. The whole story of the movement is told in a book called

The School and the World.

By VICTOR GOLLANCZ and DAVID SOMERVELL. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

NOW READY EVERYWHERE AND IN GREAT DEMAND.

Miss WINIFRED STEPHENS is one of the first living authorities upon French life and character, and her new book has been acclaimed everywhere for its timely revelations of questions of the hour, which the Press generally hesitate to discuss. Ask for it at your Library, where it is now ready and waiting.

The France I Know.

By WINIFRED STEPHENS. With illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S LATEST NOVELS INCLUDE

- THE CITY OF COMRADES. By BASIL KING. 7s. net.
 THE LAW OF THE GUN. By RIDGWELL CULLUM. Second Edition. 7s. net.
 OUT OF THE WAR? By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. 7s. net.
 THE SILENT BATTLEFIELD. By MARY L. PENDERED. 7s. net.
 QUEEN JENNIE. By MAY WYNNE. 7s. net.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 11 Henrietta St. London, W.C.2